Week ending November 28 1953
Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL

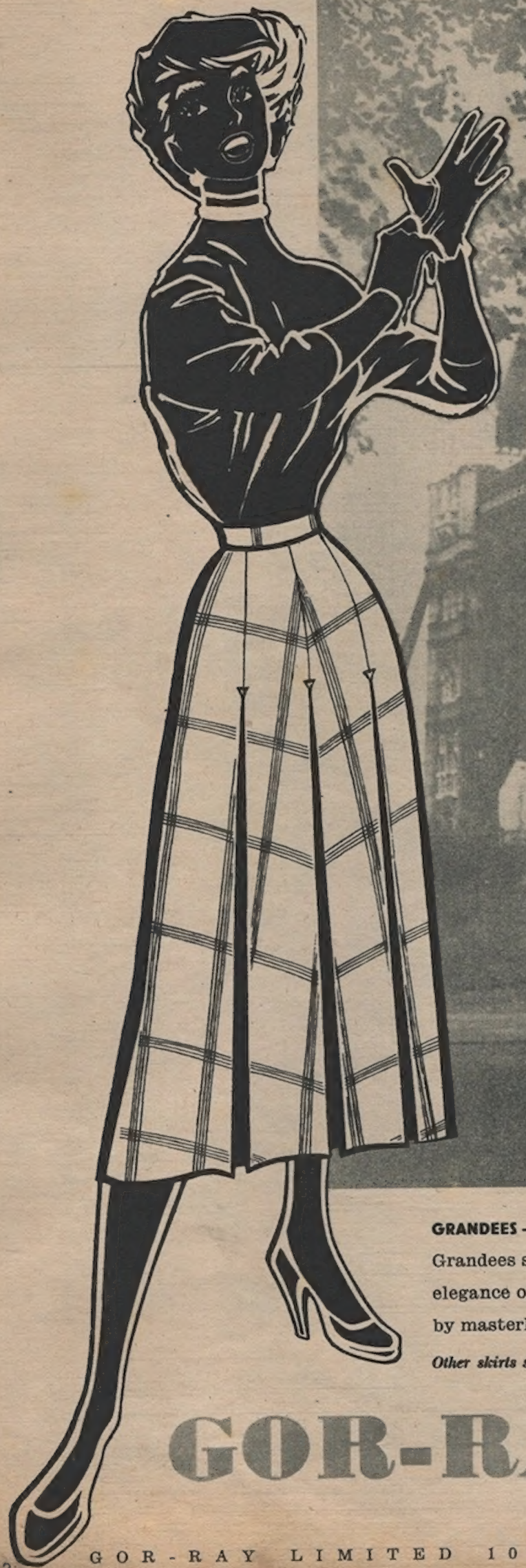
BEGINS IN THIS ISSUE

DETECTIVES IN KHAKI

Revelations from the secret files of the Army's Scotland Yard

The 'GRANDEES' for Good Tailoring by

GOR-RAY



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EDITORIAL

First eleven?

WITH England playing Hungary at soccer this week, the question has again arisen: are the eleven players who represent this country the best available?

Since the war we have been beaten abroad by France, Holland, Ireland, Italy, Sweden, Switzerland, Spain, Uruguay and the U.S.A.

It may be that we just do not play football as well as we did—or that other nations play it better. But there could be another reason.

PERHAPS there is something wrong with the way the team is picked and run. This impression is suggested by the extraordinary fact that none of the selectors has ever played first-class football—and, despite this, the selectors never consult the captain.

TOMMY LAWTON.
"It's run from the stands"

Tommy Lawton, former England centre - forward, says: "It is quite true that they never ask the captain to help in their selection. But what does this matter, when the whole game is run from the stands anyway?"

No wonder that the football players are cynical and depressed. Compare their experience with that of England's cricket team.

THE men who picked the cricketers who won the Ashes were three ex-captains, Brown, Wyatt and Yardley, England's former wicket-keeper, Ames, *and* the present captain, Hutton.

At golf, too, the expert players have the last word. And this summer the eight men they picked almost snatched the Ryder Cup from the mighty Americans.

But at soccer, all the selectors have to offer is a life-long devotion to the game. They are nine middle-aged members of the Football Association, headed by Mr. H. Shentall, a wholesale provision merchant at Chesterfield, whose team is in the Third Division North.

HIS fellow-selectors include a coal-merchant and a fish trader. Only one was even an amateur goalkeeper. They have got into this responsible position by being directors of their local clubs. They may be good at finance, and they are certainly enthusiastic supporters of the game, but it is very doubtful if they are the best people to choose the finest eleven players from among just under three thousand.

This is the country which taught football to the world. But in our ninety years of experience, we have not yet learned how to select a selection committee.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

"FOR as long as I can remember," comments Douglas Mays, "at odd seasons of the year city pavements have broken into a rash of youngsters racing about on roller skates." The National Skating Association, which frowns on this sort of thing as a menace to road safety, thinks that councils should set aside skating grounds. But what would the children think of a rink without the exciting hazards of kerbs, dogs and elderly pedestrians?

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TIFFEE 79/6

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OVENETTE 89/6

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NOVEMBER 28, 1953 VOL. 94 NO. 2474 PHONE: TEMPLE BAR 2468 GRAMS: HEROICALLY, WESTCENT, LONDON

FREE SPEECH

The joys of Christmas shopping

WE called at a friend's home a few days ago and found her tying up the last of her Christmas presents. I wish I could persuade my wife to follow this example. Her approach to Christmas preparations is quite a different one; she prefers to enjoy the fun—that is her word for it—of taking the car into town for a hectic last-minute dash round the stores.

One year I put my foot down, and we did buy early. But Fate was against me that autumn. My strategic questions gave my sons a hint that Father Christmas was likely to make an early delivery, and by late November they had found their toys. When my brother came for a weekend he brought his new shaving-case; it was just a little smarter than the one I had waiting for him in the bottom of the wardrobe. And we received a potted plant from our neighbours before we could deliver the present (a potted plant) which we had for them. I took our cards to the office and gave them to my secretary to "post early for Christmas." She found them in her desk on New Year's Day. Since that debacle my wife's views on Christmas have been followed. We go into action round about December 20, and I am trusted to act as porter and stamp licker.—PERCY R. GREEN, Somerset.

Hear, Hear

I WAS intrigued to read in "Along My Line" that G. K. Chesterton once said to Gilbert Harding: "You're a great conversationalist, Gilbert. You let me do all the talking, which is as it should be." The remark reminded me of the saying in my native land, Nigeria, that a man has two ears and one mouth, and should listen twice as much as he talks.—W. I. B. ONNIGBO, Royal Terrace, Glasgow.

The concluding instalment of Gilbert Harding's life story, "Along My Line," begins on page 24.

Up School

THE conquest of Everest has given a local schoolmaster a first-class road-safety idea. When he has to move classes from one school to another along busy streets, he tells the children

that they are mountaineers. They have to hold on to a rope, and this stops them from straggling or running off the pavements. The new game is very popular.—C. W. D., Newport, Monmouthshire.

Good Sport

A YOUNG man in his twenties stood by me at a recent Rugby League football match. His hands were resting lightly on the shoulders of a blind man on a lower step, and he was giving him the slickest commentary that I have ever heard. As he spoke, the blind man turned his head this way and that, following the game with his sightless eyes. His face registered expectation, doubt, suspense and pleasure. There was a tense moment when the wing-man of the visiting team sped away down the touchline. A full-back banged him into touch, yards from the goal-line. There was a scrum. The defence held—with a kick up the field—and the blind man gave a great sigh of relief. — J. CARRINGTON, St. Helens, Lancashire.

Ring For Meals

THE photograph of an old clock which had been converted into an automatic fish-feeder ("Free Speech," November 7) reminded me of the ingenuity displayed by an American who had to leave his fish while visiting another state many hundreds of miles away. Above his aquarium he suspended a perforated tin filled with fish-food. Then he tied one end of a piece of string round the tin and attached the other end to the ringing mechanism of his telephone. All he had to do when he was away was ring his own apartment. Every time the bell rang, the vibration shook a tiny shower of food into the tank.—JACK HEMS, Bruce Street, Leicester.

False Sound

I HAVE often heard the phrase "in his world of silence" used of some deaf person. After thirty-eight years of complete deafness, I cannot agree that it describes my own condition. It is true that nothing comes in from outside, but the head noises equal anything which I knew in twenty years of perfect hearing. There is never any cessation during my waking hours, and at times the hissing, banging and whistling make concentration really difficult.—A. C., Birmingham.

Some deaf people do live in an absolutely silent world, says a doctor. Others hear continual noise. But the majority fall into a middle group: they hear a limited volume of noise intermittently.

Time And Motion

MOTORISTS sometimes say: "When I buy a new car, I'll collect it myself, or it will be ruined before I get it." I agree that speeding with a new car can have a serious effect on cylinder walls and pistons—but there is a safeguard. The new cars which I deliver carry special clocks which record the period of time during which the car is moving. The device contains a pointer that makes a trace on a wax-covered chart which is rotated by clockwork. The chart is marked off in five-minute sections. By totalling the number of sections scratched by the pointer, the average speed can be calculated. If it is known that a

Continued on page 6

VICTOR CANNING

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THE MAN FROM THE TURKISH SLAVE

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SEE PAGE 14

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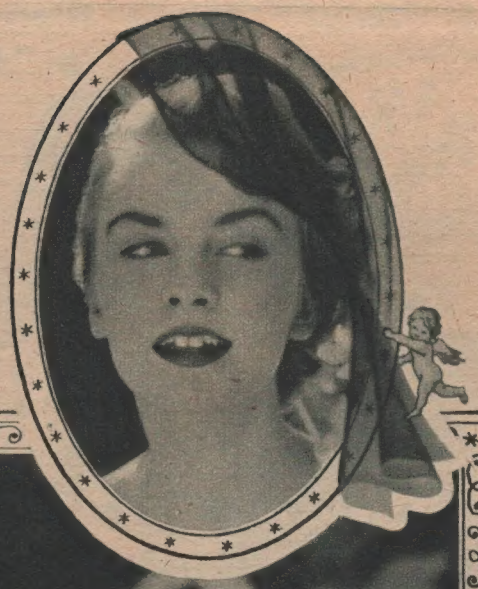

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CVS-89

FREE SPEECH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

journey should take three hours to cover at thirty miles per hour, and the chart shows that the car has been moving for only two hours, the driver has obviously been speeding. And with my firm the penalty for this is instant dismissal.—K. G. C., London, N.1.

Odd Man Out

A MAN I know parked his car recently under a sign which read: "No Waiting This Side On Odd Dates." As he was leaving the car, a policeman came up to him and said: "I'm sorry, sir. You can't park here. Look at the sign." My friend explained that he had looked at the sign, and that it was the fourteenth of the month. The policeman made a rapid calculation. Then he glanced anxiously at the row of parked cars on the other side of the road. "Well, I can't very well summon that lot," he said. "Would you mind moving your car across?"—R. J. FLAWN, Bedfordshire.

This sign is being replaced by a type with a flap which can be reversed on alternate days. On one side of the flap are the words: "No Waiting This Side Today." On the other side are details of a limited waiting period.

Cure For Devils

I WAS interested by the reference to Chinese crackers ("This Week's Cover," November 7). When I was in China, I was told that these crackers were exploded to frighten away evil spirits or devils. (In the days before gunpowder, green shoots of bamboo were put into the fire to make the noise.) When friends left to return to Britain, crackers were tied in strings from the boat to the shore and exploded to ensure a safe voyage.—T. E. GARDNER, Stoke-on-Trent.

Twins In A Hurry

THIS photograph of my twins was taken at a garden party given for children who had been premature babies born or nursed at the Sorrento Maternity Hospital, Birmingham (JOHN BULL, November 7). When they were born at Sorrento, eighteen

years ago, the boy weighed 4 lb. 3 oz. and the girl 4 lb. 8 oz. The boy went down to 3 lb. 11 oz., and the girl to 4 lb. 3 oz. The nurses had to fight hard to save Michael. Matron told me when I called for him that his hold on life had been so slight that she had not expected that I would take him home. Now he is rugby captain at his school, and his sister is training to be a nurse.—MRS. W. L. RICHARDS, Studland Road, Birmingham, 28.

. . . My daughter was born during the war two months and three weeks before the full time. Our district nurse had three parishes to cover, and the hospitals were full. My doctor attended the birth. The baby was purple; she weighed 2 lb. 6 oz.; there were no heart-beats. The doctor breathed down her throat and gave artificial respiration. Then the baby made a slight sound, and her heart began to beat feebly. The nurse gave her an olive-oil bath, and made a cotton-wool cap and coat. She showed me how to feed the baby with a rubber tube slipped down her throat. "This is really a skilled nurse's job," she said. I fed the baby with this tube every two hours, night and day. At the end of nine weeks I was a wreck—but I had won. My daughter is now eleven.—MRS. V. L. WOOD, Townsend Crescent, Littlehampton, Sussex.

Ici Le Night-club

WHEN I visited Bruges, in Belgium, last summer, I found my way about with no difficulty although I could not speak the language. Posted in prominent positions through the city were maps showing all the buildings of interest to tourists. Each building on the map had a number, and there was a key in three languages.—MISS C. REID, Newbury, Berkshire.

Character Check

AFTER twenty years as a sales representative, I am convinced that there is no single act of business routine which reveals character so clearly as the writing of cheques. There are two broad groups of cheque drawers: the ceremonialists, who operate with an impressive air of pomp and circumstance, and the sensationalists, who make a great show of anxiety and strain. Women, I find, are expert dashers-off of cheques. They draw them with irrepressible gusto and incredible inaccuracy, and seldom trouble to complete the counterfoil. But the people who really tear my nerves are those who handle their cheque books like loaded revolvers and perform hasty calculations before putting pen to paper.—R. K. FORSTER, Leeds 6.

Name Of Jones

I CAN appreciate the problem facing Captain Hornblower's John Jones (a character in C. S. Forester's novel), who wanted to make sure that he, and not one of the other eleven John Joneses in the lieutenants' list, got the credit for the capture of the French privateer. A friend of mine who was manager of a colliery once told me how a repairman named John Jones came to him for a job. "Well," said my friend, "I've got a job for you. But you'll be in the lower vein, and we already have two repairmen named John Jones working there. We'll have to give you a nickname." The repairman agreed, but added: "Nothing foolish, please. Make it a substantial name, if you can." From that moment he was known as John "Substantial" Jones.—ELWYN REES, Ystalyfera, South Wales.

The final instalment of C. S. Forester's novel, "Hornblower Of The Atropos," begins on page 18.

Knock And Wait

ONE Sunday morning a few months ago I saw a milkman's horse do even better than the horse described recently in "Free Speech." It did not content itself with moving on alone to the next house on the round; it mounted the pavement, lifted the door knocker with its nose and let it drop again. This action was repeated until the housewife opened the door with a jug for her milk and biscuits for the caller.—REV. STANLEY G. THOMAS, Swansea.

Letters intended for publication should be as brief as possible and include the sender's full name and address. John Bull pays a guinea for every letter printed, and at usual rates for readers' photographs. Readers with personal problems should send inquiries (other than medical) to John Bull Free Advice Service with a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

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Happy to accept...

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Bath Essence, Soap, Perfume, Cologne Fleurie 14/9

Talc, Soap and Bath Essence 9/6

Here are a few of Saville's enchanting "Gifts of fragrance" for Christmas. These and many others are now in the shops and each is available in any of Saville's three best-loved perfumes—'Seventh Heaven', 'Mischief' or 'June'.

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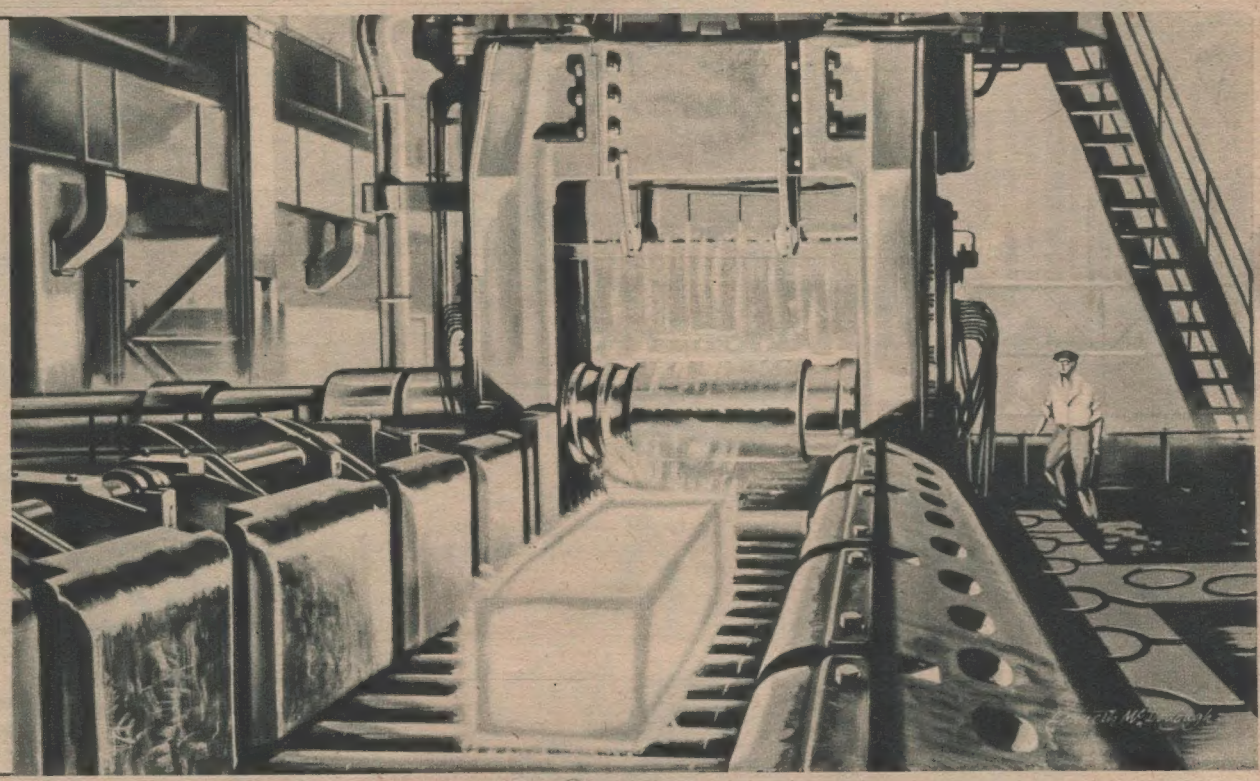

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From the dossiers of the army's Scotland Yard, John Bull reveals the dramatic history of an unrelenting war against crime, now told for the first time

SECRET BATTLES OF THE DETECTIVES IN KHAKI

by NORMAN PHILLIPS

MICHAEL JAMES MCGEE was a Fleet Street journalist before the army sent him to Egypt. There, McGee, dissatisfied with a major's pay and allowances, started drawing wages for two hundred non-existent workmen. Palestine had a similar unsettling effect on Chris Harris and Charlie Stoner. Not content with the one rifle the army asked them to carry, they collected three hundred more and joined an arms running ring. Raschid Mukhadem was another ambitious man. He might have become President of the Lebanon had he not hired a military vehicle to carry raw opium.

Each of these enterprising men made a mistake: to underestimate a small but highly efficient police force that functions under the initials S.I.B. The Special Investigation Branch is the Scotland Yard of the Military Police. It was the brainchild of the Yard, and was conceived and staffed by Yard men in 1940. The force was expanded by drawing in police officers from practically every borough and county.

By 1941, the S.I.B. was ready to tackle the toughest and most crooked situation in the world; it was pitted against the underworld of the Middle East.

The Middle East offered every invitation to crime. Egypt had half a million drug addicts willing to pay exorbitant prices for hashish. Palestinians wanted arms and were eager to pay £40 for a rifle, or £150 for a Bren gun. The price of a new tyre was £70.

Anything from a few packages of Naafi cigarettes to shipments of iron and steel was pounced on by the black market. "Pop" Holmes, a stubbornly honest Staffordshire policeman in the S.I.B., almost single handed smashed a contractors' racket involving half a million pounds' worth of steel. Dave Page, of the Cheshire Constabulary, smuggled drugs to capture another gang. Bob Aspinall, from the Surrey County force, "deserted" and enlisted with Alexandria dock raiders to stem wholesale thieving.

In one year the detectives of the Middle East S.I.B. investigated 64,206 cases and made more than 20,000 arrests. In 1943 the force recovered for the army stolen property valued at more than £510,000.

The Middle East was a policeman's nightmare. In Egypt the army employed 400,000

The detectives played stubborn, and Major McGee confessed to his gigantic fraud. They took him to his flat, and found £645 in Egyptian notes

ILLUSTRATION BY CASWELL

Colonel Frank Elliot (second from right) who later became S.I.B. chief, relaxes in Cairo during a case in 1946. With him are (left to right) Mrs. Elliot, Major Mountford of the S.I.B., who worked with Elliot on the case, Sheikh Mohammed Suhari, who assisted the detectives, and an army driver

civilians, most of whom had no compunction about robbing their employers. Frank Elliot, a Yard man who later headed the S.I.B., watched one of the men leaving an army camp. "He was as bow legged as anything," Elliot recalls. "We found out why when we searched him. He had an anvil strapped between his legs under his loose robe."

There were big operators, too—men like Johnny Angelides, who organized contractors' rings to bribe their way into high quarters. It was Angelides who led the S.I.B. to solve the case of the two crooked colonels who were disposing of army property almost for a song.

McGee's Impudent Fraud

Perhaps the most impudent of all the frauds was that of McGee and his mythical pipeline. When war broke out in 1939 he had almost turned thirty-three, and in his quick-talking way was making a reputation for himself in Fleet Street as an amusing conversationalist and an energetic reporter.

The war came, he joined the army, and continued to prosper. By 1943, in well-cut major's uniform, he was a familiar sight in Cairo's more elegant bars and cafés. His manner left no doubt that the world was going well for him.

McGee adapted himself readily to life in Egypt. True, he had a wife and child in England, but rather than mope over separation from his family the major started a second one. He began living with an attractive Egyptian woman. They had a modern flat in the Boulac district, between Gezira and Heliopolis. Possibly to justify the acquisition of a second wife, McGee turned to Mohammedanism. He mastered Arabic, bought himself an elegant red tarboosh and learned to smoke the hubble-bubble pipe.

The hookah or hubble-bubble is smoked through a long tube which draws the smoke through a vase of scented water. It is said to be a pleasant relaxation, inducing a state suitable for meditation. It may have been while listening to the lazy music of the bubbles that McGee conceived his neat little scheme for increasing his income from one pay envelope a week to two hundred and one.

The army had assigned McGee to the Pioneer Corps, and made him Deputy Assistant Director of Pioneer Labour for 70 Sub-Area of the Middle East Command. In effect, McGee was a hiring agent for the army. All native labour in the sub-area was recruited and paid through his office.

A Royal Engineer unit might be ordered to build a supply dump. The Engineers would be authorized to employ so many workmen, who would be supplied by McGee's office. Their names would be placed on a nominal roll, with a space for the workman to sign or make his mark when paid. The officer making the payments signed the roll, a second officer witnessed that payment had been made, and the document was then presented to the army bankers, who would hand over the sum entered on the sheet.

The pay was low—five piastres (one piastre is about 2½d.) a day for unskilled labour, rising to twenty-five piastres for craftsmen. However, the total payroll handled by McGee's office each week was a sizeable amount. Perhaps it was the strain of keeping a family in England and a family in Egypt, or possibly

Lieutenant-Colonel Ronald Crocker (left) shows JOHN BULL *staff writer Norman Phillips a pencil acid gun with which a deserter armed himself*

NORMAN PHILLIPS, who compiled the official record of the Canadian Army's wartime campaign in Holland, faced an even more difficult task when JOHN BULL asked him to write the history of the Special Investigation Branch of the Military Police. He found that the men who served with the S.I.B. in the Middle East were scattered all over Britain.

Many were pounding the beat again with local police forces; others were security officers for important firms, and one was Anthony Eden's bodyguard.

With the co-operation of S.I.B. headquarters in London, Phillips tracked them down. During more than three months he journeyed hundreds of miles, recording their adventures as they recounted them in their own words. Then, from S.I.B. files, he obtained photographs—never before published—to illustrate the dramatic account for serialization in JOHN BULL.

The book version, entitled *Guns, Drugs and Deserters*, will be published on February 25 by T. Werner Laurie, Ltd., at 12s. 6d.

just the lure of easy money, that started McGee thinking. It did not take him long to produce a scheme.

His plan began with an innocent-looking document which the ex-journalist sent himself as Deputy Assistant Director of Pioneer Labour. It announced the formation of a unit to build a pipeline in the Geneifa area, and called on McGee to supply a force of two hundred workmen.

By coincidence, the major happened to have a list of two hundred Arab labourers. There was a rumour later that McGee got the names by visiting native villages and copying them out of records of recent burials. That seems an unnecessary refinement. In fact, all he had to do was write in two hundred Arab names on the payroll forms. It is not so difficult to make up Arab names. Every Arab has three, and it was just a matter of rearranging them so that a fictitious Mohammed Abass Hilil could also be listed as Hilil Abass Mohammed, Abass Mohammed Hilil, and so on.

The pipeline project existed, of course, only in McGee's imagination. If anyone asked about it, the major glibly explained that the pipes would carry water from Port Said to Geneifa. It was a logical idea, and in wartime the army was ready to carry out construction work that might not be regarded as economical under normal conditions. No one questioned the existence of McGee's mythical project.

Clerk Gave The Game Away

Week by week the major drew the pay for his imaginary workers and duly returned the nominal rolls all signed and countersigned. It was a pleasant fiddle. The only loser was the taxpayer. It might have gone on for ever had it not been for a clerk in McGee's office. He went to the S.I.B.

The McGee legend has an alternative ending, which is more artistic but less factual. This version, which was bandied about at Groppi's and the other Cairo cafés, made McGee a victim of his own imagination. The major had reported work on the pipeline at an almost inaccessible spot in the desert. This was to discourage inspection; but it had, the bar gossip went, the opposite effect. A War Office party arrived from London for a tour. Whoever planned their itinerary had heard of McGee's pipeline and decided that a visit to this project would be just the thing to keep the visitors thoroughly busy. Of course, the War Office party never did find the pipeline and its two hundred hardworking Egyptian employees.

This would have been a poetic ending to Major McGee's enterprise. But in reality, the end came soon after the clerk had poured out his story to Lieutenant Norman Kay of the S.I.B. Because a major was involved, Kay immediately went to his superior, Ronald Crocker, a Scotland Yard man who was with the S.I.B. from its beginning.

Colonel Ronald Crocker, who uncovered McGee's pipeline swindle, was one of the first Scotland Yard men to join the S.I.B. He once rode an ass to H.Q. after being instructed to save petrol

Welcomed The Detectives

"Sounds fantastic," Crocker told Kay, "but we'd better have a look-see." They drove out to McGee's office. "He was all charm," Crocker recalls. "He couldn't have been happier to see anyone. He offered us drinks and, when we mentioned the pipeline, gave an enthusiastic description and offered to show it to us."

By this time the two policemen felt they were the victims of a disgruntled clerk. Still, they decided they would take a look at the pipeline. In Crocker's car, the three men drove out towards Shallufah. McGee gave the directions and before long they came to a long, low ribbon of pipe snaking across country.

"There she is, gentlemen," said McGee. "That's the completed section, ready to take water."

"It's not, you know," said Crocker. "In case you don't know it, Major McGee, that is the Shell Oil Company's pipeline, and I don't think there will ever be water inside it."

Crocker and Kay looked at McGee. There was not a hint in his swarthy face of the rapid calculations going on inside his head.

He grinned. He apologized for trying to hoodwink them. "The real thing," he said, "is quite a bit farther on. It's hot, gentlemen, very hot. Let's go back to the club and have a drink in comfort. I've got pictures there I can show you."

The police officers played stubborn. They had come to see men at work. They insisted on seeing them. McGee knew that his little fiction was over. "Take me back to my office," he said, "and I'll tell you what you want to know."

The story came out in the office. In McGee's kit, the officers found £1,109 in Egyptian currency and £198 in sterling. The Cairo flat where the Egyptian wife and child lived yielded another £E645. Crocker decided he had the evidence to arrest McGee on five charges of fraud involving roughly £E1,600. The major was placed under close arrest at Quassassin on October 11, 1943.

An officer under close arrest is escorted by an officer of equivalent rank. The escort duty is not a pleasant one, and few officers enjoy it or excel as jailers. The major assigned to guard McGee suffered additional embarrassment when his prisoner escaped by the oldest of ruses—the visit to the lavatory where the window is open.

McGee clambered through the window and was gone. Behind him he left a note for Colonel Claude Harper, head of the S.I.B. "Keep the light burning," it said. "I shall be returning."

For Crocker there was a locked tin box. "It took me a good half hour to open it," he recalls. "Inside there was a package of issue 'V' cigarettes, and on it the words, 'Good Hunting.'"

The hunting was not so good. Stung by the impertinent farewells, the S.I.B. searched high and low. Sergeant Bill Allen kept watch on the flat occupied by McGee's Egyptian "wife" and

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The gallant liar

by ***RODERICK LULL***

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DITTON

How could a dull, unattractive young girl be transformed into a vivacious charmer? Mr. Montgomery thought he had the answer

OLD MR. MONTGOMERY ("Eighty-six; no private resources; totally dependent on public assistance," his record said) sat on the edge of his narrow bed and thought about the birthday present he wanted to give Judy Fisher.

It was not much of a present—only an embroidered linen blouse, priced at £2 5s. It had struck his faded blue eyes yesterday when he'd taken a walk in the sunshine, his first of any length since the little illness that had caused Judy so much trouble; wasted and needless trouble, too, he'd told her. He was sure it was a much nicer blouse than she'd ever had, and that it would give her a ridiculous amount of pleasure. That was what he wanted.

There had been a time, he thought with only a semblance of sadness, when a suitable present for an important service rendered would have involved a hundred times that much money and would have presented no problem at all. It would have been no more financially taxing than buying a good cigar. Fleetingly, Mr. Montgomery thought how long it had been since he had smoked a good cigar, then returned to the matter at hand.

He hadn't got £2 5s., nor anything resembling it. It was most unlikely that he would ever have two pounds again, beyond the wherewithal needed to keep him alive—the old age home people, creditably, had that figured to a nicety. He had gone over the simple figures time and again in his mind—there was no need to turn to pen and paper and he had no pen, anyhow—and the result was always the same. He must have £2 5s. to buy Judy the blouse. He did not have £2 5s. or any way of obtaining it. Therefore, he could not buy the blouse.

Mr. Montgomery stood up, one hand pushing against the thin mattress and the worn blanket, the other grasping the iron head of the bedstead and pulling. It seemed cold in the room, and he was wearing the thick tweed greatcoat he'd bought in Scotland in '21, or had it been in Ireland in '22 or '23? He couldn't be sure, for he'd travelled around quite a bit in those days, and dates and places had a tendency to become confused.

"It's quite impossible," Mr. Montgomery said aloud, looking at the floor with the bit of torn carpet, and the wall on which hung a last year's calendar, and the wooden box in the window where he had part of a head of lettuce, half a bottle of milk, and one or two other perishables. He did not like to talk to himself—some of the other old men had the habit to a distressing degree; it was one of the signs of decay. But now it did not matter.

"Anyway, she won't expect anything from me; she knows I've no money and nothing of value. Can't get blood from a turnip, you know. She's not the demanding kind of girl, either—all heart, sympathy, never thinks of a reward. Rare sort."

MR. MONTGOMERY crossed to the window. He looked out at a concrete wall which was vaguely brightened with errant lights from the sky above. He could not see the sky without straining head and neck, and that was too much trouble.

"Impossible," he said again, his voice so low he could barely hear it. "Can't be done. No sense in being idiotic about it."

Then Mr. Montgomery shook his head and pulled the greatcoat's collar tighter about his loose-skinned neck. But it wasn't true. He was lying, and he was ashamed of himself.

He returned to his bed, sat on the edge, and thought about his illness and what Judy Fisher had done for him.

The illness had been hardly worth mentioning. A cold, a congestion in the chest, some odds-and-ends of pain. Nothing to make a fuss about. Never, Mr. Montgomery prided himself, had he been a hypochondriac and he didn't propose to begin at this late date in history. It was just that he hadn't wanted to leave his bed for a while. And the fact that he'd had no food on hand was of no consequence; he hadn't been hungry. A sensible man ate when he was hungry and not otherwise.

It was Judy who had come in to see what was wrong with him. She was a tiny, black-haired girl of nineteen with indiscriminate features—save for fine dark brown eyes—who had a cleaning job at the home. Mr. Montgomery had spoken politely to her many times, but with no special interest. She had seemed shy, untalented and as unremarkable as could be. Then this day she had knocked on his door, heard his faint "Come in," and walked slowly into the room, her eyes worried.

"Why, Mr. Montgomery, you're ill," she said. "And you didn't tell anybody."

HER solicitude annoyed him—just because he was older than anyone had any right to be was no reason for acting as if he were an incompetent.

"Nonsense. A man has a right to rest if he wants to. Haven't felt better in years."

But he could not dissuade her. She felt his forehead, did some things to his bed, made him drink a glass of warm milk and eat two pieces of toast, and called the doctor.

The doctor was brisk and something of a nuisance. He wanted to send Mr. Montgomery to the hospital, and that was the last place on earth Mr. Montgomery had any intention of going so long as he had the breath to protest. Call it pride, call it stupidity, call it what you would, that was the way he felt. Why, once he'd given a whole wing of a hospital, as a memorial to a dead friend, and he didn't propose to become a patient in a free ward now.

Judy listened to the brief argument and looked thoughtfully at Mr. Montgomery. Then, in her scared way, she said she'd be glad to take care of him, and after a time the doctor agreed and left a prescription.

That began the queer little relationship which lasted a week. Mr. Montgomery's problem was to keep her from doing too much—she seemed willing to devote all of her free time to him. She did his simple cooking on the gas burner in the corner and saw that he took his medicine on time and told him not to be so impatient. And once, about the second day, she said something to the effect that she'd known the first time she'd seen him that he wasn't an ordinary kind of person, that you could tell just by looking at him that he was different from most, and then she blushed.

Mr. Montgomery was pleased and at the same time annoyed—it was as if this rather ill-favoured girl was prying into a past he had no intention of revealing or discussing. It had been a very good past, with adventures and distinctions and wealth and friendships and

The man behind the counter handed the book back. "I'm sorry," he said. "It's valueless." For a moment, old Mr. Montgomery was stunned

There was little he could do for her; but he must do what he could. He touched her arm. "Of course you're pretty," he said. "Of course you are"

even love; but water under the bridge was water under the bridge and no two ways about it.

"Don't be silly," he said. "I'm just an impoverished old character who's of no use to anyone. Now leave me alone and go and see your young man or something."

"You're not," she said. "You always talked to me different than anybody else here." She blushed again. "And I haven't any young man and I don't want one." The last statement, Mr. Montgomery thought, was as inept and pitiful a lie as he had ever heard.

Well, if he couldn't drive her away he might as well make the best of it. And, in a fashion, it was pleasant to have her near, with her fine eyes on him. That was how they got talking—if you could call it that when he made ninety per cent of the conversation.

It was reminiscence, most of it, and it came surprisingly easy. It was talk of people and places the world around, many of them almost a whole lifetime away. Big things and little things came into the talk, and some surprised Mr. Montgomery himself, they had been so long forgotten. It touched on Paris and New York and Buenos Aires and a thousand other places, and on books and great houses and theatres and personalities he had known ages ago.

Sometimes he'd go to sleep while talking, and when he awoke she'd be gone. But she always came again soon, to perform some duty he said was a waste of her time and energy.

Occasionally he asked her questions and that was how he learned what little he knew of her, including her age and when her birthday was. Her father was dead. Her mother worked in a laundry, and she had this job, so they made out fairly well. No, it wasn't so bad—she rather liked it. She liked it very much when there was someone like Mr. Montgomery to listen to. Not that there'd ever been anyone like him before or that there was likely to be again—that was the gist of what she said, stumbling over the words.

Mr. Montgomery, his eyes closed, his thin old body comfortable except for an unimportant scattering of aches and pains, said: "What do you want to do? To become? When I was your age that bedevilled me all the time."

"I don't know. I——"

She paused, and Mr. Montgomery squinted so that he could see her more clearly. What he saw was not happy. He said: "A pretty girl like you—you'll have to be making up your mind one day soon. The world can be a fine place for a pretty girl."

It came with enormous suddenness. She burst into tears and ran from the room. "I'm not pretty, I'm ugly, and you know it, and you. . . ." He did not catch the rest.

When she returned later, he was dressed and sitting on the edge of the bed, his greatcoat buttoned up around his neck. She tried to apologize, but he would not let her. He reached out and touched her arm.

"Of course you're pretty," he said. "Of course you are. I'm old enough to be your great-grandfather and I'm entitled to say what I know is the truth."

She turned away, but did not cry again. He could do little for this poor ill-favoured girl. But he must do what he could.

"Fifty years or so ago I knew a girl who looked much like you," he said. "It was in Venice. You've heard about Venice?"

"Yes." Her eyes shone—like a pleased kitten's, he thought. Like a kitten, say, which had found kindness after much aimless searching. "I've read about it. I saw some pictures."

"Well, this was in Venice," Mr. Montgomery said, making it up out of whole cloth. "And

THE MAN FROM THE TURKISH SLAVE

by Victor Canning

"IN THE LAST three years, Mr. Landers, there have been many big jewel robberies in England and on the Continent which have cost the companies for which I work something over half a million pounds. . . . Most of the stuff has vanished without a trace. It's not handled through ordinary channels. We are convinced that the jewels are shipped across to South America, broken up there and resold. The Turkish Slave is one of the ships used."

PETER LANDERS is the hero of Victor Canning's magnificent new novel of suspense, *The Man From The Turkish Slave*, which begins in JOHN BULL next week.

At thirty-one, Landers, a merchant navy officer, is down-and-out; he feels his life has been wrecked by his wife's desertion. An old friend gives him one last chance to rehabilitate himself: take a job as third mate on the Turkish Slave, and accept the insurance company's secret assignment—in Brazil.

Landers does so, and is immediately plunged into a world of fear and pitiless brutality—a world in which he finds only one reliable friend, a girl named Tereza das Tegas. It is a friendship that soon ripens into something much deeper. . . .

The Man From The Turkish Slave is the fourth Victor Canning novel to be serialized in JOHN BULL before book publication. This magazine has been associated with his swift rise to fame since *A Forest Of Eyes* was serialized in 1950. Since then, there have been *Venetian Bird*, filmed with Richard Todd and Eva Bartok, and, last year, *The House Of The Seven Flies*.

The Man From The Turkish Slave is as thrilling and compelling as anything Victor Canning has written. Brilliantly illustrated by Gerald Fancett, it begins . . .

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

I met this girl. She looked more like you than anyone I've known since. A curious thing, after so long a time. Anyhow, she had a great many young men and. . . ."

This was the first of many little tales. He gave them as much variety as he could muster, but all had one thing in common. One way or another, through this twist and that, he brought her into them and made them pay her compliments. It could do no harm—when you were as young as she, and had so little to look back upon or forward to, an illusion might brighten an hour.

Now, seated on his bed with his greatcoat buttoned tight, Mr. Montgomery knew what he was going to do. He had told a lie when he had said, aloud, that he didn't have £2 5s. or the means of obtaining it. He had one resource of value left from the old days, the one thing with which he'd refused to part. He was not sure why—perhaps because it was the last remaining bridge to the past. If so, that was stupid and unworthy. In any event, he'd had it long enough. Certainly it would bring enough to buy the blouse and more.

The possession was a book, and a very special one. Mr. Montgomery got down on his knees and reached under the bed and into the cardboard carton which served as a trunk. Then he creaked to his feet, the book in hand.

It was tall and narrow and thin, in the fashion of books of poetry of another age, and very light to hold. The blue cloth binding was faded but unstained. The title was done in gold letters that were tarnished now but once had been bright: *Roses From This Tree*. Beneath was the name of the author, Meg Carson.

Mr. Montgomery stared at it a long time, then turned to the dedication page. *"For D. G. B. M. With gratitude, with happiness, with love."* And under the dedication was the writing, in Meg's free, half-childlike hand: *"Dearest Dave—this is yours, the first one off the press. And of course it wouldn't have been at all if it hadn't been for you, and I dedicate it to you. Meg."*

MR. MONTGOMERY stared at this page a long time, as he had at the cover. Then he closed the book and put it down, very gently, on the bed. For a moment he allowed himself the luxury of reminiscence. . . .

Meg. Talented in her own special way; wonderful company. A temper like a vixen and an innocent, loving heart—the people you remembered best were almost always a mass of contradictions. And pretty—no, not pretty; that pallid word did her an injustice. Handsome—ah, that was better, truer. Yes, handsome and vivid. And alive—above all, alive. And once. . . .

Mr. Montgomery took himself forcibly in hand and returned to the present. No luxury could be pursued too long, for that way lay one or another of the insanities. You had to keep your wits about you. Above all, you had to escape self-pity, for nothing was more despicable.

The point was that he had a book, dedicated and inscribed to him, and so, unique. He knew perfectly well that Meg had been no Keats; it wasn't likely that rich collectors were fighting for her first editions and association items. But it was a respectable book of poetry, it couldn't be duplicated, and it must be worth at the barest minimum the £2 5s he needed to buy the birthday present for Judy Fisher.

Mr. Montgomery wrapped the book in a sheet of newspaper and found his battered hat and went downstairs.

There were only two flights of stairs, but they took some doing. He held the book in his left hand, the banister with his right. He put one foot down a step and then, after a brief pause, brought the other down to meet it. So it went, a tedious business that made no demand on the mind. He passed the time by thinking of Judy Fisher and Meg Carson. It would be hard to find a pair with less in common. Yet. . . .

Mr. Montgomery smiled and told himself to abandon these devious comparisons. He reached the lobby desk and spoke to the sallow-faced young man whose name he could never remember.

"Excuse me, sir," he said. "There is a young lady who works here, a Miss Judy Fisher. She comes on duty shortly after noon, I believe."

The young man looked at him with profound disinterest. "Yes," he said.

"I'd very much appreciate it if you'd tell her I'd like to see her for a moment. I'll be out for perhaps an hour. I should hate to miss her."

"Right," the young man said.

"Thank you, sir," Mr. Montgomery said, bowed slightly, and walked out.

THE street was bathed with sunshine, though the air still seemed unreasonably chill, and Mr. Montgomery paused for a moment to survey the scene.

It could not be called the most salubrious district in the world, but yet Mr. Montgomery smiled at it. It was part of the world, and he was still in it.

His fingers tightened about the book. He thought of Judy Fisher, and his smile broadened. It had been a long time since he had been in a position to make anyone happy and glad to be alive, or had very much wanted to, and the prospect was wonderfully pleasing.

He came to the shop where he had seen the blouse. It was still in the window and he paused once more to admire it. It was pretty, it had a simple elegance, and it would look well on her—as well as anything could. Suddenly he made a decision. The book, undoubtedly, would bring much more than the £2 5s. he needed for the blouse. Whatever the sum, he would spend it all on her—he'd blow the lot.

He speculated on what else he might buy—gloves, a handbag, a bit of jewellery. But this must be put off until he learned how much he would have to spend.

He would make her a little speech, he thought—something sentimental and old-fashioned. "Pretty things for a very pretty girl"—that would be the general idea. No one, he was certain, had ever called her pretty except himself, and the chances were no one else had ever offered her compliments of any kind. Perhaps he had gone too far in this direction already—had reached an extreme of exaggeration out of his wish to please her, to give her some measure of pride and hope. Well, if he had, whatever gods there were would forgive him.

Mr. Montgomery came at last to the rare-book shop. He spent a moment looking at a display of prints and maps in the window. Then he went

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Lewis Cotlow offers notorious Chief Utitiaja a cigarette. Four feuding clans met at this gathering arranged by Cotlow. The atmosphere was tense

Fifty-eight men had died at the chief's hands. Now he was to face his enemies.... Concluding Lewis Cotlow's story of jungle savagery

I meet the Amazon's mightiest headhunter

WHILE I WAS IN THE TOWN of Quito, Ecuador, preparing for my third trip into the territory of the Jivaro headhunters, I picked up a copy of the newspaper *El Commercio*. In it was an article about the Jivaro Indians written by a Salesian missionary.

In the section round the Upano River where I planned to go, the newspaper said, there had been a recent increase in the number of wars and assassinations for revenge. One of the chief factors responsible for this increase, according to the padre, was a chief named Utitiaja, who was said to have taken fifty-eight heads. He was the most feared warrior the Jivaros had produced in many years.

I had heard of the prowess of Utitiaja during my last expedition in 1945, four years before. I had wanted to meet this champion headhunter then. The padre's article now made me mor eager than ever to seek him out.

Since my last trip, two or three small jungle airstrips had been cut out of the forest on the edge of Jivaro country. One at Sucua, where there were two Christian missions, was on the route to the area which I intended to explore. With my two cameramen, Bucher and Bodoworth, I flew there and was given hospitality in the Salesian Mission, where we spent two days making final preparations for our journey.

As guide, the missionaries recommended a young Jivaro of about twenty-three who was called Shuara. Now, Shuara is the name the Jivaro Indians call themselves, meaning "the people." He was called that name because when he run out of the jungle as a little tot, that was the only word the missionaries could understand. Shuara, whose family had been wiped out in a d, had been brought up in the mission and come a good Christian, but he still had many friends in this section of the Jivaro country. Since his family were all dead, he was no one's enemy, and since he had become a good Christian he had no desire to seek vengeance. He was one of the few true neutrals who could travel safely anywhere in the headhunter country.

Shuara confirmed that the padre's article had been correct: there was much war, many raids, and almost every small family group was feuding with each other. But he assured me that they would all welcome me. He was particularly impressed with my copy of *Life* magazine containing photographs of my 1945 trip, showing Jivaros from the Paute region, and he said all his friends in the jungle would be impressed, too.

A day's journey took us to the Upano River which was four hundred yards wide here—four

hundred yards of rushing, turbulent water that poured down from the Andes with such force as to carry huge boulders as far as the Pongo, a couple of hundred miles away. We crossed over by canoe and then set out for the interior.

During the next few days we visited five *jivarias*—headhunter clanhouses—but took only fifty feet of film that could be used. I began to get worried. I had taken thousands of feet of good documentary film on the headhunters' lives on my previous trips, but I still needed a rousing end for my film. What I wanted was a re-enactment of the famous Jivaro *tsantsa* dance—the victory dance around the shrunken head. I had filmed this scene on my last trip, but because of damage to my camera it was almost entirely out of focus. After so much expense I could not afford to fail this time.

We turned north and finally came to a large *jivaria* of the Sepa group, Jivaros who lived along the Sepa River, a tributary of the Upano. It was a wonderful spot for taking the scene that I wanted—a level clearing larger than that around most *jivarias*, good light, little hills here and there about the edges of the clearing that would serve as good vantage points from which to film long shots. Nayapi, the *curaka* or chief of the Sepa group, was friendly but reserved. Still, he wanted to be helpful. He brought in men and women from several other *jivarias* in his group so that I had twenty-eight men assembled.

The Dance Lacked Realism

We tried to re-enact the *tsantsa* dance with them. They were willing, dressed themselves in bright feathers, necklaces, headdresses. They performed the dance and we filmed it, but I knew it was not right. There was a lethargy in the dancers that showed too plainly. I knew it would look like that in the pictures, too.

My thoughts turned again to the champion headhunter, Utitiaja. "Shuara, what about Utitiaja?" I asked. "If he is the most feared warrior among the Jivaros he must be a very strong personality. Let's visit his *jivaria* and see what we can get there. I want to do it, anyway. I can't end this trip without meeting him and talking to him."

"We can meet him and talk to him," Shuara said. "But I do not know if you can take the pictures you want at his *jivaria*. The clearing is small. And even though he is a great chief, he has only about twenty-five men."

"That's plenty if they are good."

"I have been thinking," Shuara said. "Let me take the copy of that magazine with pictures of the Jivaros of the Paute. I will go to several clans in this region and ask them to come here, which is the best place for taking pictures, and help you to make the film a success."

"You mean friendly clans?" I asked.

"No, there are not that many friendly clans," Shuara said. "I mean clans that are now at war with each other, but who will bury the lance to come and do this."

Clans Massacred The Spanish

"Why should they bury the lance for me? Why, it's unheard of—getting several clans to stop a hot war. It hasn't happened probably since 1599, when the clans gathered under Quiruba to massacre the Spanish."

"Perhaps not," Shuara said, "but I think they will do it. They will do it for you because of the things I will tell them about you. I will show them the magazine and tell them that you have visited the Indians of the Santiago and of the Paute and put their pictures so that people all over the world, far beyond the seas, have seen them, read about them. I will tell them you have come back again to take pictures of the Upanos because you know they are the greatest warriors of all the Jivaros. I will tell them that you have many gifts for them and a great feast for them."

"I don't think your plan will work, Shuara," I said. "Still, there is no harm in trying. But what about this feast you are promising? I have enough gifts, but no food for a big feast."

"I thought it might help if they knew they would have some meat of the kind they eat at the *tsantsa* feast," Shuara said. "You can buy two or three swine from the farm at the mission. The bearers can return there and get them, slain and quartered, while I am getting the clans."

The next morning he started out with a copy of *Life* magazine, and the bearers headed back for the mission. By the fifth day after Shuara's departure, I was becoming very restless and nervous. So were the Sepa headhunters, I thought, who had agreed to Shuara's plan before he left, provided they had sufficient warning of the approach of any other clan.

Agreed To Bury The Lance

Shortly after dawn on the sixth day Shuara burst into the clearing. He was tired but elated with the success of his trip. Three warring clans —the Cambanaca group, the Tutanangosa group, and the great Utitiaja and his warriors—had agreed to come to the meeting. He had run ahead to give us the news and to notify the Sepa Indians and obtain their agreement. I could not quite believe it, and even today I find my story greeted with raised eyebrows by people who know the Jivaros.

Our hosts, the Sepas, seemed as incredulous as I was, and readily agreed to welcome the other clans in peace. Shuara raced back into the jungle to tell the Tutanangosa group, with which he had travelled. The Cambanaca group would arrive about noon, he said, and Utitiaja's around two o'clock.

"How did you manage to get Utitiaja?" I asked.

Shuara smiled. "I told him you could not have a successful picture without the greatest warrior of the Jivaros," he said.

Was I going to have to deal with a man of great vanity? I wondered. The noble Utitiaja might turn out to be a big disappointment. But I could not worry for long. I was too delighted, too excited, and too busy. The bearers with the meat came just in time, and the Sepa women agreed to prepare it for eating that evening. Bodoworth and Bucher and I got our cameras and tripods ready just in time to catch Shuara entering the clearing with about twenty-five warriors of the Tutanangosa group, followed by as many women and children.

Handed Presents To The Men

I waited until the icily formal greeting of the Sepas and Tutanangosas was completed before I welcomed the *curaka* of this clan. Bodoworth and Bucher took pictures as I handed out presents to the men, and then watched them file into the forest a short way, where they cleared a small space for a temporary shelter.

I took Shuara to one side. "Are you sure there will be no trouble?" I asked. "These two groups looked daggers at each other during the greeting."

"I know," Shuara said. "And they will be fighting when you leave in a few days. But they will keep their word. The lance has been buried, and no Jivaro would dream of violating a truce." I hoped Shuara was right. One incident and everybody would be killing everyone else—and I would be in the middle.

It was just noon when the Cambanacas, with nineteen warriors and their women, arrived. This time the Sepa greeting and the Cambanaca reply was so stiffly formal that I felt cold shivers run down my spine. I could see that the Cambanacas realized very quickly that they had the smallest number of men there.

They had received their gifts and retired to the forest in another direction to build a shelter when Utitiaja appeared, shortly before two. He entered the clearing from a path close to our own little camp. While there could be no question as to who was Utitiaja, the *curaka* of this group, he was totally unlike my picture of him.

I had imagined a man big and strong and fierce-looking. Instead he was a trifle shorter than the average Jivaro, and of rather slight build, though compact and effortless in his movements. Most striking, however, was his face—mild, placid, even somewhat gentle. No lines marked his forehead or cheeks, and there was not the slightest suggestion of fierceness or cruelty in his expression.

Juantinga plays the victor in the *hantsemata* dance. From his neck hangs a shrunken head.

His simple *itipi* (skirt) did not even have the human-hair belt so loved by most Jivaros. He did not wear a necklace of jaguar's teeth, but a simple one of plain white beads. Nevertheless, despite his mild appearance and his simplicity, he moved with authority, with an inner assurance and dignity that marked him unmistakably as the leader.

Bodyguard On The Alert

There were two younger men on either side of Utitiaja who came much closer to looking their parts: bodyguard to the great chief. I have never seen two such murderous-looking characters. They were tense and alert, ready to strike like a snake. Their eyes darted around them ceaselessly. One of them had a particularly strong face, fierce and expressive.

Utitiaja saw me standing by my tent and came to me, holding out a hand. I had not expected this, for it was good etiquette for him to be welcomed by the Sepa *curaka* first. With Shuara by my side to translate, I thanked Utitiaja for coming to help me take pictures that would tell the rest of the world about the Jivaro Indians, and above all about the greatest Jivaro warrior. He nodded and smiled and said he was glad to come. It should be interesting.

Since Utitiaja seemed willing to talk, I invited

In this dance the warriors rejoice over the death of an enemy killed in a clan feud. The evil spirit still lying in the victim's shrunken head is finally exorcised and conquered

him to sit down on our camp benches. He did, with his two-man bodyguard standing close behind him, and the rest of his twenty-four warriors and their women and children squatting at the edge of the clearing.

Utitiaja mentioned the pictures in *Life* magazine. They had fascinated him, and I felt sure they were what had brought him to my camp. I brought the magazine out and we looked at it together, and then we looked at other photographs I had of the 1945 trip. Utitiaja discovered that he knew three men in my pictures, those I had taken on my long hunting trip with Juanga and his friends. Utitiaja pointed them out to me, and told me what had happened to them. This one was killed and his head taken. That one had drowned. The other had disappeared completely and no one had any idea what happened to him.

Utitiaja spoke to one of his bodyguards and showed him the pictures. I learned that the fierce young warrior with the strong face was Utitiaja's son-in-law, Juantinga. He sat down, too, upon Utitiaja's insistence, and so did an older man. He was Tubushi, the *wishinu* or witchdoctor, with one of the most wonderfully photogenic faces in the world. He remained very aloof.

I asked Utitiaja how many heads he had taken in his life, and he held up his ten fingers five times, then held up eight—fifty-eight! Then I asked Juantinga, his son-in-law, and Juantinga gestured twenty-eight. I asked how it happened that Utitiaja had so many more. Juantinga replied, perfectly seriously, that he had not lived as long as Utitiaja.

The conversation ended and Utitiaja arose to pay his respects to the Sepa *curaka* and the others.

I watched the chief approach the *jivaria* of Nayapi, followed by his warriors. I saw that the men of the Cambanaca and the Tutanangosa groups had returned to the clearing and were standing at the outskirts, staring at Utitiaja. Every pair of eyes followed him, and many of the eyes were filled with fear. I knew that there might well be a dozen young men in the clearing who had been told almost daily from boyhood that this was their greatest enemy. This was probably the first time they had seen him.

The tension mounted as Utitiaja approached Nayapi—in everyone, apparently, but Utitiaja. He walked with perfectly relaxed steps and without any deep emotional reaction to the unprecedented scene. If he thought of the fact that about seventy men surrounding him would like to kill him, he gave no sign of it. All the rest were frightened, at least to some degree—even Utitiaja's own men. But Utitiaja was not. I made up my mind to try to get to know him better, to learn the source of such amazing confidence and inner assurance.

Warriors Put On Their Make-up

When the greeting was ended, Utitiaja suggested that we get down to business. With Shuara beside me I went to the different groups to explain what I wanted. I picked the warriors I needed from each clan, enough to make a total of about thirty or thirty-five men. I wanted strong, individual types, and tried to select those who looked sensitive or deeply emotional. I had already decided that Juantinga should play the part of the victor who carries the shrunken head.

The men selected made themselves up at once, taking different materials from monkey-fur pouches or bamboo make-up kits which they carried. They put red *achiote* on their faces and arms, drew black lines on faces, braided extra toucan feathers in their hair, put on necklaces, inserted earplugs, and then placed on their heads the most brilliant array of coloured headdresses ever gathered in one spot.

The men all assembled in the large flat area we had chosen for the dances. And then I thought of the *tsantsa*. We needed one. I asked Nayapi if he had a *tsantsa* we could use, and he produced a shrunken head immediately. It occurred to me that it might be the head of a brother or father or son of someone now present, but apparently the thought did not enter the minds of the Jivaros themselves. The head, by the time it is shrunk, has little human connection in their minds.

Rehearsal Round A Head

First, I wanted some pictures of the victory dance with lances, the scene I had shot at Peruche's *jivaria*. Juantinga therefore drove his lance into the ground in the centre of the circle of men and placed the *tsantsa* on top. The participating dancers were ready with their lances, and a group of musicians had gathered close by, with small drums and long flutes. I explained that we would have a short rehearsal first and then I stepped back and gave the signal. The music began, and the men began to move.

The spectacle was wonderful, but at first the dancing was crude. The men were stiff and self-conscious and moved without vigour or conviction. I called a halt and stepped into the middle of the circle, taking one of the lances with me. I told the dancers that I wanted them to act just the way they did in the victory dance.

"Every one of you has come home with a *tsantsa*!" I cried. "Remember how you danced then, how you felt then. Dance that way now. Thrust your lance hard, as if you were killing an enemy."

Shuara translated as fast as I spoke. Then I demonstrated what I meant, leaping forward energetically and pushing the lance with what I hoped was a dramatic and vital movement.

They all burst out laughing! It caught me off balance, for just a moment, and then I realized how ludicrous it was for me to be telling these men how to thrust a chonta lance, how to do a victory dance around a shrunken head. I laughed, too, and retired somewhat abashed, but pleased to see this mixed group of enemies laughing together.

Dancing Circle Of Hate

At the end of half an hour, when I knew that we had plenty of wonderful shots of the dance, I had a hard time stopping the dancers. But I wanted to get pictures of the dance that is performed over and over again during the *tsantsa* feast, called the *hantsemata*. In this dance the men join hands and dance around in a circle, with queer, shuffling side steps that carry them forward and then back. The victor is one of the dancers, and wears the *tsantsa* hanging from his neck.

I handed the *tsantsa* to Utitiaja, a fascinated spectator of the performance, and took the lance from the ground. After a brief talk about what I wanted, we started the whole scene. Utitiaja handed the *tsantsa* to his *wishinu*, who then hung it around the neck of Juantinga. Then men formed the circle, the strange rhythmic music started, and the dance began. The low guttural huffing of the men began, too, gradually rising in volume until it sounded threatening and ominous.

Shuara pulled at my sleeve. "See those two there—the one with the yellow feathers and next to him with the man with the jaguar necklace?"

"Yes, I see," I said.

"Well, the man with the yellow headdress killed

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HORNBLOWER
OF THE ATROPOS

by C. S. FORESTER

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

It was like the end of the world—a raging inferno of smoke, blood, pikes, pistols and cutlasses. Now Atropos was fighting desperately for her life

CAPTAIN HORNBLOWER, of the sloop Atropos, had taken one of the biggest risks of his life. Under gunfire from a huge Turkish warship and two shore batteries, he had wriggled his own tiny ship out of Marmorice Bay by the most difficult and dangerous channel. On board was a vast treasure of gold and silver which the Turks wanted—and which he had salvaged from a wreck under their very noses.

With the treasure now safe at Gibraltar, Hornblower was harrying Spanish shipping in the Mediterranean. He had every reason to be pleased with himself. He had brought off a brilliant coup. He had welded a mediocre crew into a first-class fighting unit. He had even made sailors of his two German passengers, the pampered young Prince of Seitz-Bunau—a nephew of George III—and his truculent chamberlain, Dr. Eisenbeiss.

Off Cartagena, they were pursued by a big Spanish frigate, the Castilla. Atropos was too small to engage her alone, but she could give her a good run for her money. It was a stimulating chase, and "Mr. Prince" got so wildly excited that he danced on the yardarm. Hornblower was about to bellow a reprimand to him when the boy lost his footing, knocked himself senseless on the rigging, and fell into the sea.

Here was an appalling dilemma. If Hornblower stopped to pick him up, Castilla would overtake Atropos and shoot her to pieces. If he didn't, he would be leaving the King's nephew to drown. . . . It took Hornblower just four seconds to make up his mind. Hurling a lifebuoy overboard, he roared orders for a boat to be lowered.

FINAL INSTALMENT

The Rescue

EVERYONE was shouting at once, but everyone at least responded to orders with the rapidity that was the result of months of drill.

Atropos flew up into the wind, her way checked instantly. It was Midshipman Smiley—heaven only knew how he had made the descent from the starboard main topsail yardarm in that brief space—who got the jollyboat over the side, with four men at the oars, and dashed off to effect the rescue, the tiny boat soaring up and swooping down as the waves passed under her.

And even before Atropos was hove-to, Hornblower was putting the next part of the plan into action.

"Mr. Horrocks! Signal 'Enemy in sight to windward.'"

Horrocks stood and gaped, and Hornblower was about to blare out with "Blast you, do

"Come on!" Hornblower yelled, as the two ships crashed together. Then, cutlass in hand, he sprang to the side, wild with fighting madness

As he watched, another broadside raked the little English ship. "Arm every man for boarding!" he roared

what I tell you," but he restrained himself. Horrocks was not a man of the quickest thought in the world, and he had failed entirely to see any purpose in signalling to a vacant horizon. To swear at him now would simply paralyse him with nervousness and lead to a further delay.

"Mr. Horrocks, kindly send up the signal as quickly as you can. 'Enemy in sight to windward.' Quickly, please."

The signal rating beside Horrocks was luckily quicker witted and was already at the halliards with the flag-locker open, and his example shook Horrocks out of his amazement. The flags went soaring up to the main topmast yardarm, flying out wildly in the wind.

"Now another signal, Mr. Horrocks. 'Enemy is a frigate distant seven miles bearing west course east.'"

It was the sensible thing to do to send up the very signals he would have hoisted if there really were help in sight—the Castilla might be able to read them or might make at least a fair guess at their meaning. If there had been a friendly ship in sight down to leeward he would never have hove-to, of course, but would have gone on tearing down to lure the Castilla as near as possible, but the captain of the Castilla was not to know that.

"Keep that signal flying. Now send up an affirmative, Mr. Horrocks. Very good. Haul it down again. Mr. Jones! Lay the ship on the starboard tack, a good full."

A powerful English ship down there to leeward would certainly order Atropos to close on Castilla as quickly as possible. He must act as if that were the case. It was only when Jones—almost as helpless with astonishment as Horrocks had been—had plunged into the business of getting Atropos under way again that Hornblower had time to use his telescope. He trained it on the distant topsail; not so distant now. Coming up fast, and Hornblower felt a sick feeling of disappointment and apprehension. And then as he watched he saw the square of the topsail narrow into a vertical oblong, and the two other oblongs appear beside it. At the same moment the masthead lookout gave a hail.

"Deck there! The enemy's hauled his wind, sir!"

Of course he would do so—the disappointment and apprehension vanished instantly. A Spanish frigate captain, once he had put his bowsprit outside the safety of a defended port, would ever be a prey to fear. For two minutes the Spaniard had been a prey to indecision after Atropos hove to, but the final bold move had made up his mind for him. If he had held on for a short time longer he might have caught sight of the jollyboat pulling over the waves and then would have guessed what Atropos was doing, but as it was, time was gained and the Spaniard, close hauled, was clawing back to safety in flight from a non-existent enemy.

"Masthead! What do you see of the boat?"

"She's still pulling, sir, right in the wind's eye."

"Do you see anything of Mr. Prince?"

"No, sir, can't say as I do."

Not much chance in that tossing sea of seeing a floating man two miles away, not even from the masthead.

"Mr. Jones, tack the ship."

"Deck there! The boat's stopped pulling, sir. I think they're picking up Mr. Prince, sir."

Thank God for that. It was only now that Hornblower could realize what a bad ten minutes it had been.

"Deck there! Yes, sir, they're waving a shirt. They're pulling back to us now."

"Heave to, Mr. Jones, if you please. Doctor Eisenbeiss, have everything ready in case Mr. Prince needs treatment."

"I have a hot blanket ready for him, sir."

It was at that moment that the dam of Hornblower's even temper burst.

"A hot blanket! I know what'll warm him quicker than that. Bos'n's mate! My compliments to the bos'n, and ask him to be kind enough to lend you his cane for a few minutes. Shut your mouth, Doctor, if you know what's good for you."

Humanitarians had much to say against corporal punishment, but in their arguments, while pointing out the harm it might do to the one punished, they omitted to allow for the satisfaction other people derived from it. And it was some further training for the blood royal to display his acquired British imperturbability, to bite off the howl that a well-applied cane tended to draw forth, and to stand straight afterwards with hardly a skip to betray his discomfort, with hardly a rub at the smarting royal posterior, and with the tears blinked manfully back.

There was everything to be said in favour of keeping Castilla under observation for a while at least, and almost nothing to be said against it. The Castilla was now a full thirty miles dead to leeward of Cartagena; it would be useful to know—Admiral Collingwood would certainly want to know—whether she intended to beat back there again or would fetch some easier port. Close-hauled, she could make Alicante to the north or perhaps Almeria to the south; she was close-hauled on the starboard tack, heading south, at this moment. But her captain might decide to range through the Mediterranean for a while to see what prizes he could snap up.

Hornblower's orders were that he should rejoin Collingwood in Sicilian waters; but it was the duty of every English captain, having once made contact with a ship of the enemy in open water, to maintain that contact as long as was possible. Atropos could not hope to face Castilla in battle, but she could keep her under observation, she might warn merchant shipping of danger, and she might with good fortune meet some big British ship of war to whom she could indicate the enemy.

"Mr. Jones," said Hornblower. "Lay her on the starboard tack again, if you please. Full and by."

"Aye aye, sir."

Atropos steadied on a southerly course, running parallel to Castilla's, far to windward; Hornblower trained his glass on the topsails just visible over the horizon. He fixed the shape of them firmly in his memory; a slight alteration in the proportion of length to breadth would indicate any change of course on the part of the Castilla.

"Masthead!" he hailed. "Keep your eye on the enemy. Report anything you see."

"Aye aye, sir."

Atropos was like a terrier now, yapping at the heels of a bull in a field—not a very dignified rôle—and the bull might turn and charge at any moment. Eventually the captain of the Castilla

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Bernard Cousins, managing director, shows a new customer the Safe Deposit's main door, which weighs thirteen tons

The smaller safes can be hired for less than a shilling a week. But jewellers and silversmiths who need a strong-room pay much more for security—up to £600 annually

Four thousand private lives – behind steel doors

by RONALD W. CLARK

In Bernard Cousins's safe deposit, a secret can be kept until death. It may be a Post War Credit slip, a love letter, a lock of hair—or even a halfpenny piece

ONE AFTERNOON RECENTLY, a London police officer carrying a search warrant entered the Chancery Lane office of Bernard Delacour Cousins. He explained his business and was taken downstairs, through a massive steel door, into the brilliantly lit underground rooms of the Chancery Lane Safe Deposit.

After a number of forms had been signed, the officer, with a solicitor and other legal representatives, went to one of the integers—the small safes which line the walls of the Deposit. The door of the safe was carefully broken open, and the policeman brought out the contents—scores of minute garden bulbs, each little more than a quarter of an inch across.

"It seems they had been brought into the country illegally," says Cousins, an alert, active-looking man in his early fifties who is managing director of the Deposit. "The police had heard of the transaction, traced the owner, and decided that he must have concealed his 'contraband' in the Safe Deposit."

Only the police and the Custodian of Enemy Property are authorized to force any of Cousins's safes, and then only after numerous legal formalities. "Quite recently," Cousins says, "some police officers arrived without a warrant. It had been issued, but they had left it behind. We sent them back for it before we allowed them downstairs."

Banks, diplomats, statesmen, and foreign embassies use the Deposit regularly. Cousins proudly recalls that Lloyd George was a depositor for years.

Early in the last war, Cousins received a call from one of the more exclusive private banks. An appointment was made for him to meet a diplomat from the Jugoslav Embassy. The man told him that the embassy wished to rent a specially large room in the Deposit. One thirty-five feet long and twelve feet wide was finally selected, and a few days later the Jugoslavs sent their first consignment — a number of stout wooden tea chests.

More tea chests arrived during the next ten days, until the strong-room was packed. "It was only eighteen months later, when the chests were removed as mysteriously as they had been brought, that I learned that each of them had been stuffed with banknotes," says Cousins.

Normally, he knows little about the contents of the integers or the larger strong-rooms. "If one of them contained the Crown Jewels, we would know only by accident," he says. "We would merely be guarding them in the same way as we guard anything else placed in our keeping."

The Chancery Lane Deposit has seen some unusual items. One of the safes once held a German helmet from the first World War, and a peer's coronet was guarded in the Deposit for two years before it was eventually sold in the United States.

Most of the four thousand safes are small. The smallest, about eighteen inches deep, five inches high and four inches wide, can be hired for two guineas a year; larger ones, with a capacity of six cubic feet, cost up to ten guineas. In addition, there are strong-rooms used by

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MURDEROUS HONEYMOON

by NIGEL SLIGH

ILLUSTRATED BY LAURENT

There was something queer—something evil—about their host. Jill had sensed it at once. Now she was certain: he meant to murder her

THERE ARE TIMES NOW when I question myself as to whether I was right to do nothing at the end of that horrible affair. At the time I had no such doubts, or refused to entertain them. Crawford was probably more in need of a psychoanalyst than a policeman. But now I often wonder. It could so easily happen again.

I had been married a month then. We had honeymooned in Italy. Expecting to be posted by my company to Pakistan early in August, we returned to England at the end of July—and found that the man I was relieving had postponed his departure. We were stuck with time on our hands.

I got the idea then of writing to Crawford. I had never met him but we had corresponded several times as we shared a common interest in falconry. I had soon learnt that Crawford was something of a name in the narrow circles devoted to this medieval sport.

Crawford wrote by return, with a pressing invitation to stay for the twelfth. So Jill and I went north by the night express for what we called the second instalment of our honeymoon.

Crawford met us at Spean Bridge early on the evening of the eleventh. He was possibly ten years older than myself, middle height, thickset, with a stubby, sandy moustache and a red face. In the kilt he looked very much the Highland laird. I must say I liked the look of him and congratulated ourselves on our luck. It isn't often that arrangements made so fortuitously offer such a promising start.

AND the evening was miraculous. The air was as clear as Italy, a transparent glaze overlying the glorious countryside. The heather was in deep flower and when we got into the car—a large, open tourer of prewar vintage—we drew great lungfuls of the wonderful air.

Jill sat in front with our host. Crawford didn't say very much on the drive. He pointed out a few places of interest but for the most part he concentrated on driving. I must say he drove very competently indeed.

We left the main road about eleven miles beyond Spean Bridge. The huge car negotiated a couple of narrow bridges like a crafty hunter picking the best gap in a fence. Below us I saw the brown, peaty water foaming, and the sound of it roaring over boulders thrilled me.

Jill pulled off her felt hat and I noticed that Crawford, almost for the first time, took his eye off the twisting hill road to glance sideways at her. I can't say I blamed him. Her hair is a very deep glistening chestnut; it burns and glows with its own fiery life.

We climbed a series of fairly steep contours and then the track ran beside the river for some distance. To our left the ground rose steadily to the hills. On that soft, balmy evening, the long northern twilight gave everything a peculiar magic.

Presently Crawford raised a hand and we saw, through a gap in a belt of timber—beech and pine—a pleasant low house, of no great architectural merit but homely and solid. The walls were whitewashed, the falling sun giving them the patina of a rose.

His face, in the firelight, was composed. He stared down at his hands, opening and closing them. Then he said: "I killed her with these"

An old man, half indoor servant, half gardener, came to the front and helped us with the luggage. In the house a fire was burning and the scent of peat and logs and the faint odour of panelling was agreeable. Crawford showed us our room, overlooking a small walled garden and a seemingly endless stretch of upland moor. The floor ran away in a long sag to a deep window embrasure.

JILL turned to me, and if I had expected a fond smile to say how clever I had been finding such a joy I was sadly disappointed.

"I don't like that man at all, Guy. In fact, I don't think I shall be able to stay, not even for you and your falcons."

I went to the window and stared out. I could hear, very faintly, the roar of the river. "But doesn't all this attract you?"

"Very much, darling. But it's something about him. I felt it most strongly the moment I saw him. He's evil."

I gazed at her blankly.

At that moment there was a knock on the door and Jill jumped. I opened the door and the old man stood in the passage, hands folded on his stomach.

"The laird says to tell ye there'll be time for ye to take a bath if ye've a mind, as the dinner'll no be brought to table for a spell. When ye're ready, he'd be liking to offer ye a drink."

"That's very civil of him. Tell him we'll be down as soon as we're ready." I closed the door and went across to Jill. I put my arms round her. "There you are, my sweet. That doesn't sound so very evil, does it?"

We bathed and changed. I was surprised to find Crawford in a velvet smoking coat and a black tie and I apologized for myself.

"Suit yourself. It's a habit I've never got out of." He turned to Jill. "How very charming you look, Mrs. Mount. As soon as I saw you, I knew you wouldn't be content with green."

Jill had on a grey frock. She always said that to wear green as a uniform because one had red hair was a mistake, and I wondered uneasily if Crawford's remark would please her.

SHE bowed almost formally and thanked him, and I remember making a note that the compliment had done nothing to lessen her dislike of him.

Jill took a cocktail. Crawford and I drank whisky out of fine, heavy glasses and I began to think that we could promise ourselves a good meal. Nor was I disappointed.

We were tired, and Crawford, like a model host, neither kept us up nor hurried us unduly to bed. We talked a little. He promised to show me his falcons and hawks in the morning and said that if the weather held we would go after grouse.

I slept like a log but Jill told me that she had had a poor night.

"Guy, I don't like that man. I couldn't get him out of my mind all night."

I tried to talk her out of it while we dressed.

Crawford had finished breakfast before we got down and he did not come in until I had lit a cigarette. He looked very businesslike in an old battered tweed coat and a pair of heavy boots.

He kept his birds in a large shed behind the kitchen wing. Falcons are kept attached to what is called a block, harnessed to it as it were by jesses, or soft leather straps, fastened to the leg.

When the birds are taken out for sport, they are hooded and to the jesses are attached small bells so that, if the bird is lost, it can be located by sound.

In every respect the falcon is superior to the hawk, and in the Middle Ages each social strata was entitled to a special bird—a peregrine for an earl, the kestrel for the knave and so on. Also, both with falcons and hawks the female

is larger, stronger, the fiercer and more courageous hunter. The method employed to carry falcons for sport is an instrument known as a cadge, a padded wooden frame hung from a man by shoulder-straps and upon which the birds perch, fastened by jesses. Only hawks, as a rule, perch on the gauntlet, but sometimes a remarkably tame falcon will do so.

Crawford, with great efficiency, had made all arrangements for the day. A pony carried a hamper and could take Jill home if she felt tired. A gillie, a strong young man with rough, tousled hair, had the cadge and I noticed that Crawford had set up three falcon-gentles or female peregrines with only one tiercel or male.

We made our way slowly up the flank of the mountain. Already the sun was hot and the walking stiff, the heather in places knee-high. We had three Labradors with us but Crawford kept them on leashes until we reached the crest.

He explained that he proposed to walk up the birds, sending the dogs ahead of us like beaters.

I watched with interest as Crawford unhooded one of the falcons, and I heard Jill gasp with astonishment as the peregrine swept upward in a great pillar of speed.

Staring up, I explained to Jill that the bird was performing the trick known as "waiting on"; that is, hovering almost motionless at an altitude sufficient for it to have a preview of any game flushed or put up by beaters.

Crawford released a second falcon and then gave the dogs their heads. We followed in their wake. Suddenly, about fifty yards ahead of our line, there was the staccato beat of grouse and five birds shot heavily forward, keeping first so low that they were only feet above the heather tips. Their speed was astonishing. Soon the small covey swung sharply left, gaining height, breaking back at a wide tangent to the lower slopes.

Then, like thunderbolts from the sky, the two falcons stooped to the attack, the pair acting in perfect unison. Although the strike was far from us, we heard the faint thud of impact as the great claws smashed into the grouse. There were two very tiny puffs of feathers and then falcons and grouse seemed to vanish into the heather.

Crawford ran up. "Get in!" he called to me, the falconer's order to go to a bird after it has killed. We rushed forward together and secured the grouse.

Walking back towards the pony, he spoke technically of the falcon's pitch, or highest point to which a falcon rises while waiting on.

We flew falcons until midday, by which time they had accounted for twelve and a half brace. Jill was full of the morning's sport and I thought that I detected a shade more friendliness in her attitude towards Crawford.

After lunch, Crawford suggested that he and I might try our skill at the birds and he made up two guns. Jill waited beside the pony while Crawford, the gillie, myself and the dogs beat forward in extended line. We flushed several medium covies. Crawford was clearly a very fine shot, and in practice. I only got two birds to his seven.

Walking back, the birds fastened to his belt, he looked like the outside of a prewar poultry shop. Then he made a somewhat surprising remark: "I once flew falcons for a living. Only for a short while, of course."

I waited for his explanation. "During the latter part of the war," he said, "I was parachuted in with S.A.S. into Occupied France. I took my falcons with me. There had been several bad leakages from one of the partisan groups and, as a result, the Germans had made some highly successful strikes. They killed about a hundred Frenchmen and broke up one of our more highly organized escape routes for baled-out aircrew. Our people had got wind that the leaks were by carrier pigeon, hence my falconer act."

"Did you break them up?"

"We knocked down most of the pigeons, yes."

I had the feeling that he was going to add something, but we were close now to Jill, and he checked himself.

"Your husband's a bit out of practice," Crawford said as we came level with Jill. "Tell you what. Tomorrow we might go after hare. Get his eye in that way first." He turned to me. "I've got some hawks. We'll give them a day out and rest the grouse. They're good enough for hare."

Jill rode the last few miles. I was dog tired but pleasantly so. I lay for a long time in a scalding bath of good brown peat water and when I climbed out found that McNab, the old servant, had brought up a tray with whisky and tea for the "lady." Jill broke an old taboo by having a small whisky in her tea.

"Do you still think he's so evil?" I asked.

She was sitting on the window-seat in a dressing-gown, staring into the still garden. For some moments she did not answer. Her hair was wet at the back from her bath and she had gathered it into a loose knot on the nape of her neck.

"I don't know. Honestly I don't, Guy." She gazed fixedly out of the window. At last she said, with hesitation: "I liked him better out of doors. There seemed more to occupy him. Here I'm conscious all the time——" She turned. "Oh, Guy, I know it's absurd. I was going to say that—that he was a man who could kill a person and think nothing of it."

"He was with S.A.S. during the war."

"When did he tell you this?"

I told her the story he had told me.

"Did he say what happened to the people releasing the pigeons?"

I shook my head, remembering that Crawford had seemed about to add to his tale, and had stopped.

"I'll ask him after dinner," Jill said.

We were all a bit sleepy that evening, even Crawford, hard and fit as he was. We had a delicious grilled salmon which he told us came from a reach of the river, and we drank an excellent burgundy. Old McNab, waiting on us in rough homespun clothes with only a yellow and black striped waistcoat to mark his additional status as butler, incongruously added to the traditional ceremony of the occasion.

After dinner, we had our coffee by the fire in the hall. Lying back in a leather chair, the velvet jacket gilded by the dancing firelight, Crawford seemed relaxed and benign. When I made this mental note, I realized then that I must have considered him formerly as unrelaxed and far from benign, and I wondered if it was due to any auto-suggestion on Jill's part. Covertly I studied him. In one large hand he held a balloon glass of brandy. The back of the hand was a mat of sandy hair. Hair grew low on his temples and the moustache was a bar of white against the ruddy, flushed face.

I could not distinguish the eyes, protected as they were by bushy brows. I tried to picture to myself what the eyes of a killer might be like. Despite the brutality of the world about us, we are not accustomed to expect to find a killer sitting beside us drinking brandy.

"Mr. Crawford," Jill said suddenly, and I thought again how silvery her voice could sound. "Guy was telling me about some of your work with the French Resistance during the war."

I was watching Crawford but I detected nothing. Later I asked myself what I had expected—some theatrical tick of a face muscle, a convulsive tightening of his hands?

Crawford smiled. It was a polite smile.

"Oh, yes," he said. He then recounted to her, factually, with almost a studied sense of

It was a moment of intense excitement. The fal

understatement, what he had told me earlier that day.

"Did you discover who was releasing the pigeons?"

"Would you like a brandy, Mount?" Crawford said suddenly.

I looked at him, startled by his brusqueness. "I'm all right for the moment, thanks."

There was a pause. Crawford looked at Jill again. "We did, Mrs. Mount," he said, and Jill asked quietly: "Might I be told?" She looked like a little girl, and rather frightened.

"It was a woman." Crawford's voice suddenly went down a tone. It might have been the angle of his head, bent over his glass. "It was in the Vosges. Do you happen to know the Vosges?"

Jill shook her head.

"The ground was not unlike a large lap," he said. He made a slow circular movement with the brandy glass. "Mountains all round. A pigeon went over but I let him go. It struck me that the enemy might have their own counter methods and I figured that this bird

cons had swooped on their prey and disappeared into the heather. Crawford came running up to us. "Get in!" he yelled, and together we rushed forward

might be a decoy to get me to reveal myself. I made a circle. I could almost pin-point the place of release, but I wanted to be sure. There was some broken ground, a rough orchard with a hedge. Beyond was sedge grass, ending in swamp. I crept closer. I had my falcons in a wicker basket."

He glanced at me. "Dreadfully not done, but one couldn't lug a cadge about. I felt damn' sorry for the poor brutes. I had properly brought them up. . . ."

He went on: "Anyway, I got closer now. I saw her, all at once. She was lying in a clump of sedge. The first thing I saw. . . ."

Then he paused and in the stillness that followed I felt my heart rap. A log fell off the fire and Crawford seized the opportunity to break off.

We waited while he picked up the log and kicked back the burning sparks and so intense was the atmosphere that oddly enough neither Jill nor I once looked at each other. It was as though our eyes dared not meet.

"I had to kill her," Crawford said, brushing his hands together. "We couldn't take any prisoners. We were on the move. . . ."

"How did you kill her?" Jill asked.

I looked at her, and hope I shall never see her face like that again. Crawford's face was quite composed. He stared down at his hands and made a sudden movement with them, opening them, then closing them. "With these."

Looking back on that evening, I always find something horrible and frightening about it, the forerunner, as it were, of what was to come.

But one thing stands out a mile: the uncanny intuition, second sight or call it what you will, that possessed Jill.

"You said," she remarked, "'the first thing I saw.' What was that?" Her words quickened until they almost raced over her tongue. "You had crept up to this swamp. You saw a woman in the grass. The first thing you saw. . . ."

CRAWFORD must have picked up his glass of brandy while Jill was talking for I heard a crack and saw him wiping his hands. There was blood on them as well as spilt brandy. "Her hair," he said. "It was like. . . ."

Jill make the movement of a cocotte. She leant forward and a great lock of hair swept over her forehead. "Like mine?" she asked.

Crawford hurled the stem of the glass into the fire with a sudden violent movement and was out of the chair and out of the room in a shot.

Dazed, a little cowed, we sat for some uneasy moments in silence. Then Jill said: "I'm going up to bed."

Her voice was unnaturally calm and when we got to our room I locked the door. Jill made a tiny grimace and I felt a fool.

"It's perfectly all right now," she said. "I'm never frightened of anything once I understand it. I know now why I didn't like Mr. Crawford. You remember I said I felt he was evil. I was in the dark then. Now I know what he wants."

When I asked the question I didn't dare look at her. "What is it?"

"He wants to kill me. I've got the same hair. Perhaps I look like this woman. He saw me today under circumstances which you might stretch to a connection with this thing

Continued on page 36

ALONG MY LINE (10) by Gilbert Harding

The truth about my temper

In the last instalment of his life story, Gilbert explains the rows that made him Britain's most notorious broadcaster

"This business of rudeness is really a bore," says Harding. "Perhaps the secret is that I try to cast out humbug. This is rare enough to make a celebrity of someone who speaks his mind"

ONE STUPID MISTAKE nearly brought my career on television to a sudden end. I had been invited to try my luck as question master in a new television parlour game called *What's My Line?* The evening's proceedings started happily enough. Then suddenly everything went wrong.

But for that one ridiculous error—which was hardly my fault—I might have been permanent question master of *What's My Line?* instead of Eamonn Andrews, and the whole course of the programme would have been different.

It all began on an overcast evening towards the end of May, 1951, when I drove to the B.B.C.'s new studios at Shepherd's Bush to see a telefilm of an American quiz game which had been flown over from the United States.

Having already heard an unimpressive sound recording of this show, I arrived at the studios convinced that I was wasting my time.

Four Bilious Americans

Several other people had been asked along. I greeted old friends like Ted Kavanagh and Jerry Desmonde. Barbara Kelly was there also, and Frances Day. A rising young Dubliner called Eamonn Andrews sat in one corner of the small viewing theatre, and I was also happy to see Major Bill O'Bryen representing his wife, Elizabeth Allen. Presiding over us all was our host, Ronald Waldman. Also in attendance was T. Leslie Jackson, producer-designate of the British version of the show we were about to see—that is, if we managed to evolve a British version. At that stage, everything was extremely tentative and the only person with his fingers crossed was Maurice Winnick, who owned the British rights of this U.S.-patented property.

The lights dimmed and the screen lit up with a picture of four grim-looking Americans gazing biliously at a question master. After some preliminary chit-chat a muscular representative of the American industrial classes appeared and, unaided by any preliminary mime, the four gloomy members of the panel began making attempts to guess the muscular one's occupation.

It seemed extremely dreary to me and I cannot remember much more about the telefilm (apart from a commercial plug for a deodorant) because I almost fell asleep in my chair.

"I Put My Foot In It"

Up went the lights again and we began to discuss what some of us had seen. Suddenly I brightened. I thought there might be possibilities, after all. What had bothered me about the film was the manifest puerility of four adults trying to guess a person's job—and invariably a pretty puerile job, at that. It seemed to me that everything depended on the question master's insight. As long as he did not take these jobs too seriously, the whole thing could flare up into a spirited, good-natured parlour affair on the lines of *Twenty Questions*. So when Waldman asked me for my opinion, I told him I thought there were possibilities—if I could be question master.

As I invariably do, I seemed to have put my foot into things. It soon became clear that I had not been under serious consideration for the rôle of question master, only as a possible for the panel. Waldman is a fair-minded man, however, and since I had thrown this unexpected spanner into the works he promised to consider my claim. After further talk the gathering dispersed, and for several days I heard no more about *What's My Line?*

When Waldman next spoke to me I heard that a compromise had been reached about the

Harding insists on being himself on TV, but once he took the part of a comic constable—recalling his Bradford police days

Gilbert is a *What's My Line?* veteran. Also in the new show are Lady Barnett (left), Michael Denison, and Barbara Kelly. Dick Leeman (right) is producer

matter of a question master. Eamonn Andrews was to take the chair for the first programme, and I was to follow him in the next. I agreed that this was fair.

On July 16, 1951, the first transmission of *What's My Line?* appeared on the country's television screens. As a prospective question master I took no part in the show, but watched with interest.

The panel consisted of Barbara Kelly, Marghanita Laski, Jerry Desmonde and Ted Kavanagh. I found it irritating to see a barrow-boy introduced as a street trader, and a woman car driver as a chauffeuse, and I thought everyone was extremely coy about the profession of a cocktail shaker. There was no preliminary mime in those days and the whole thing seemed rather futile, but I still thought there was a chance of brightening the show. The guest celebrities, I remember, were the cricketing twins Alec and Eric Bedser. To my way of thinking, there was nothing spectacular about them.

Leslie Jackson and I went carefully through the production arrangements before I took the chair on the following Monday.

We interviewed the challengers in one of the large dressing-rooms behind the studio from which the programme is sent out. Their order of appearance is always a secret between producer and quiz master. In this instance we had devised the following sequence: water taster, artist's model, boxer's second, guest celebrity, male nurse, panel beater.

The last, we thought, would be great fun. In industry a panel beater is a skilled craftsman who presses out faults in metal, but we confidently hoped he would also beat our panel.

My interviews went remarkably well. Returning to my dressing-room I carefully studied the cards listing the challengers' names and occupations. This allowed Jackson time to go through a quick studio rehearsal with the panel. He came back to tell me that the guest celebrity had been successfully smuggled in.

I went round to have a word with the celebrity, in this instance Kathie Beaumont, "the voice of Alice." Walt Disney had just released his film, *Alice In Wonderland*, and Miss Beaumont's pictures had been widely published in the press, making her a topical choice. It was then almost time to start. A quick final briefing from Jackson, and I followed the panel into the studio. Clutched tightly in my hand were those all-important cards.

The first part of the programme went very nicely. Miss Beaumont made her appearance without mishap. Now all that was left to do was to bring on the male nurse, followed, if there was time, by the gallant panel beater, and a pleasant evening would have been had by all. But fate decided otherwise.

Punctual to the second, the next challenger appeared at the entrance and, greeting him amiably, I invited him to write his name on the blackboard. This was, of course, visible on the TV screens. But it was behind me, on my right, and I left him to it.

Glancing once more at the card, I read: CHALLENGER NO. 4: MR. GEORGE BENTON. OCCUPATION: MALE NURSE.

What I did *not* know was that somebody had mistakenly sent in the fifth challenger—Mr. John Morgan. Occupation: panel beater.

How The Confusion Began

"Sit down," I said genially after the new arrival had paraded before the panel—there was no mime in those days, remember. The gentleman I presumed to be a male nurse then sat down, and guessing began. The panel were soon, I thought, widely off the mark. I did what I could to steer them towards a more reasonable line of inquiry. Short of *telling* them, though, it seemed that nothing would bring them anywhere near the solution.

The first serious discrepancy occurred when Jerry Desmonde, I think it was, asked: "Has your job anything to do with transport?"

"Yes," said Mr. Morgan, thinking no doubt of that aspect of his work which involves the metal used in the construction of motor cars.

"No," I said, trying to be fair. Apart from a possible ambulance ride it was highly unlikely that a male nurse had any strong link with transport. Everyone looked confused, but the guessing went on.

Confusion became chaos when someone asked: "Could your job be done equally well by a woman?"

"Yes," said the panel beater, having in mind the many women who do such fine work in industry.

"Oh, no, they could not!" I roared. Women as male nurses indeed! With everyone plunging madly through a sea of red herrings things went from bad to worse. The minutes raced by and I suddenly realized it was almost time to wind up the sorry proceedings. "You have beaten the panel, Mr. Benton," I said curtly.

Gilbert's Burst Of Anger

To the panel I said: "You weren't anywhere near getting an answer. Mr. Benton is a male nurse."

"Oh no I'm not," said the hapless challenger. "My name is Morgan and I'm a panel beater."

"Oh," I said. Then, with one of those bursts of anger which I find so hard to check, I added: "This is the last time I ever appear on television."

It almost was, too.

Shortly after my unhappy experience in the chair, T. Leslie Jackson lined up a panel consisting of Dorothy Dickson, Elizabeth Allen, Ted Kavanagh and Jerry Desmonde. The advent of Liz was like a breath of spring air in a stuffy taproom. Her impact was immediate.

Into the programme there was infused a new brightness and cheerfulness which transformed the dull business of asking dull people dull questions about dull jobs into an amusing game. Within a month, Elizabeth Allen had become one of the first great television stars of her time. And I was invited to return to the panel.

It was tacitly understood that my previous claim to be question master had been waived. In any case, Eamonn Andrews had made a remarkably good job of this unenviable task. He has wit, an alert mind, and an abundance of Irish charm. I had no wish to compete with a man I had come to like extremely well, and so I settled down into the programme alongside

"Elizabeth Allen is one of our first great television artists," says Harding. She sometimes gives his knuckles a sisterly rap during shows

Frances Day was on the panel when Peter Kavanagh imitated Harding in *What's My Line?* "It's Gilbert's poetry voice," she said delightedly

my colleagues of the panel. But I noticed with a musement that instead of the question master having all the cards at the start, each challenger now brought his with him.

Weeks passed uneventfully and *What's My Line?* became an established favourite. But there were occasional ripples on the placid surface. Speaking solely for myself, I found some of the situations arising from our questioning of challengers quite unbearable. I cannot enjoy being misled by muddled thinking. Perhaps I have spent too many years as a schoolmaster.

Enjoyed Jolly Moments

One of the chief sources of irritation to me, whose reserves of good temper and good manners are very shallow, has always been the inability of some challengers to say a fair "Yes" or "No" in answer to a simple question. It does annoy me when a man who is, for instance, a puddler, says he has nothing to do with iron or steel, when a man who makes horse collars denies that he has anything whatever to do with harness.

We had our jolly moments on the programme. I remember when Peter Kavanagh, the impersonator, was invited along as guest celebrity. Having blindfolded myself, I sat back with the rest of the panel and listened attentively as Eamonn Andrews greeted the—to us—unknown celebrity.

Suddenly I was alarmed to hear my own voice speaking! It was a little inflated, as mine sometimes is when I declaim a sonorous passage of prose or a stirring poem.

Frances Day actually exclaimed: "But that's Gilbert using his poetry voice!"

Peter was so very good that I did not in the least mind the rather obvious leg-pull. Later I learned that he had taken very great pains to get my voice right, even to the extent of making tape recordings of some of my *Twenty Questions* broadcasts and faithfully noting characteristic inflections and favourite forms of usage. For example, my excessive use of "very."

Elizabeth Allen's favourite method of pulling my leg has always been to introduce exotic words, taking great care to pronounce them correctly. Then, having done so, she will turn to me with a quick flash of amusement and watch my reaction. I have not caught her out yet, since her grammar and diction are as impeccable as her hair-style. Liz tends to "take me in hand," giving me an occasional sisterly rap across the knuckles with her pencil if she thinks I have been rather naughty about something or someone.

My experiences on *What's My Line?* have convinced me that people with the least sense of humour are civil servants. My most innocent jokes about them have always brought dozens of angry letters and humourless telephone calls. It was actually proposed at one of their annual meetings that the B.B.C. should restrain comedians and other entertainers from making any reference to the civil service.

Happily, the motion was lost, which indicates that the majority of civil servants are sane.

The B.B.C. has always regarded quiz programmes as a branch of light entertainment—and quite rightly, too. But if these programmes had been part of the talks department there might have been less ambiguity about the status of quiz masters, panel members, and suchlike. I found myself increasingly part and parcel of the great light entertainment set-up.

Says Just What He Thinks

It has been fun. Apart from the time I played a comic policeman in a Frankie Howerd television show, and a couple of children's TV appearances, I have never tried to act, or even put up a show, in public. I just behave as I am and talk as I think, which for some reason appears to be remarkably novel.

Yet people continue to think I am "performing" in such programmes as *What's My Line?* Nothing could be farther from the truth. The slightest show of individuality, however, brings in shoals of letters from people congratulating me on "the wonderful act you put on the other night." And if I happen to have avoided any undue exchange of asperities my correspondents reproach me for having failed to "perform."

April Fool's Day, 1952, found me contemplating going on a provincial tour of a music hall version of *What's My Line?* I was not only in a bad state of stage fright, but seriously wondering what had become of me. But when I reached Nottingham I discovered all sorts of charming people working on the same bill. The miseries of a wet day and nervous tensions of a first night in a music hall evaporated as I found myself among clowns, acrobats and jugglers, all working like slaves to wring laughter and applause from the audience.

Incident Led To Headlines

Not for the first time did I realize how remote from reality are the artificial worlds of TV and radio. Perhaps the kindness with which my colleagues welcomed me backstage was influenced by the fact that they did not take my invasion into their territory as a serious threat. Nevertheless, I began to realize that my grandfather's fateful prophecy that I should end up as a music hall comedian had not been as far-fetched as I had thought.

I shall now tell the full story behind an incident which won me more headlines than I ever had or wanted to have.

As *What's My Line?* found increasing favour with the public I became increasingly more exhausted and exasperated. I was still covering hundreds of miles each month as travelling quiz master of *Round Britain Quiz*. In addition to *We Beg To Differ* and *Twenty Questions*, I found myself appearing in all sorts of other programmes.

Lectures, bazaars, garden fêtes and charity matinées took up what other time I could spare from dealing with correspondence and personal papers. For weeks on end I would find myself

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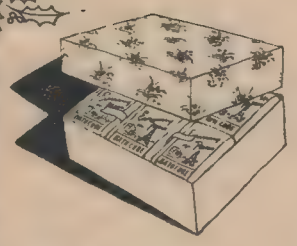

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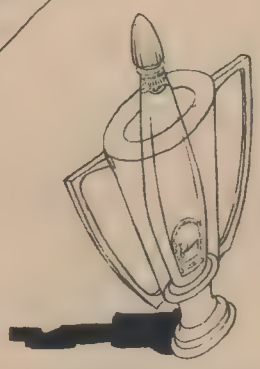

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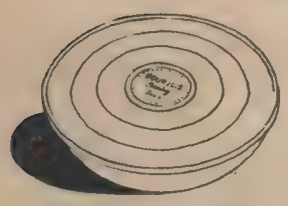

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ALONG MY LINE

Continued from page 26

asleep on my feet, snatching what rest I could while travelling in trains, aircraft and cars.

Three days before I was due to appear in the transmission of *What's My Line?* for December 9, 1952, I took to my bed with a high temperature and in a state of complete exhaustion. Sometimes I would struggle to my feet and wander about my flat, trying to get into shape for Sunday night.

At 11.30 on the Sunday morning I picked up the telephone on my bedside table and told the B.B.C. I was too ill to take part in *What's My Line?* I was asked to turn up if I could, since arrangements had already been greatly upset by a severe London fog, one of the worst for many years. All hands were wanted to man the TV ship, so I promised to make every effort to be there.

Crawled To The Studio

Late that afternoon I shuffled into my sitting-room, where a cheery fire was burning. My housekeeper brought me a whisky and soda and I poured myself a small drink—my first for several days. After two or three sips I began to feel slightly more vigorous and I telephoned for a car. The driver seemed extremely doubtful about my chances of getting there.

We set off for the studio and, for two-thirds of the way, made fairly good progress. But when we hit a really bad patch of fog I was obliged to get out and walk ahead of the car in order to keep the driver from mounting the pavement. The fog was raw and thick and I swallowed mouthfuls of the vile stuff.

We reached the studio in good time for me to make up and sort myself out. My three days in bed had left me rather weak in the knees and my trudge through the fog had completely chased away the sense of well-being I felt before I set out. I was light-headed with fatigue and exhaustion. The only normal thing about me just then, was my flaming temper. Feeling completely done in, I cursed myself for being foolish enough to leave my bed.

Everyone else seemed to be equally under the weather. Apparently the programme went wrong from the start. The white line that normally unfolds under the opening caption on the viewers' screens came on as a short dash. Then it stuck altogether, due to a film break.

I guessed the occupation of one of the challengers, an income tax inspector. Before he left I complimented him, saying: "I have met two gentlemen of your occupation in my life. One was very pleasant and the other very unpleasant. You are one of the nice ones."

After ten minutes the intense heat of the lighting had its inevitable effect and I just folded up.

No celebrity turned up for the quiz blind spot. So Eamonn Andrews took the celebrity's chair after we were blindfolded. He began to address us in a piping voice which I found extremely difficult to hear.

When it was my turn to ask questions I said: "I will if I can make myself heard over the boisterous audience." In his own voice, Eamonn said reprovingly: "The very small studio audience."

Finally, at the end of the programme, the roller caption which announces the names of the panel appeared crookedly on the screen. And I walked crookedly to my car and went crookedly home to bed.

The next morning I battled against a temperature of 102 degrees and a never-silent telephone. Telegrams of sympathy poured in. Well-wishers sent asthma cures, cough mixtures, parcels of food.

Some time during the morning Cecil McGivern, the Controller of television, came to see me. He sat beside the bed and discussed the show and was very sympathetic and charming. It did not need a doctor's eye to convince him, or anyone else, that I was ill and that it was bad luck that I had ever left my bed to take part in the programme.

"I Offered To Resign"

I became increasingly upset about the attention which was being paid to every move I made. One newspaper cynically headed reports on my activities, "Gilbert Harding—Day by Day." Letters of criticism poured in. Vile letters. Abusive letters. Many of them anonymous. Within a few weeks I offered my resignation to the TV chiefs. But Cecil McGivern said: "Ignore the attacks on you. We want you in the show."

It is strange to be elevated into something of a national institution merely by being honest and ordinarily well-informed. Perhaps the secret of my success, if success it be, is that I try to cast out humbug, and this, apparently, is rare enough to make someone who tries to speak his real mind a celebrity.

On the whole I do not object; I have a fair income and may even do a little bit of good. I should like to be able to look far into the future and see how I shall end up. Unfortunately, or fortunately, I cannot: all I do know is that my engagement book is far too full. THE END

The book version of "Along My Line" has been published by Putnam & Co. Ltd., at 12s. 6d.

DETECTIVES IN KHAKI

Continued from page 11

got nothing for his pains. Posters were circulated through the Middle East showing the missing major in army uniform and in Egyptian dress. "Believed making for Mecca," said the posters hopefully.

While the search went on, McGee's name appeared in the Middle East Honours and Awards List as having been "Mentioned in Despatches" for meritorious services—an award that should have been reviewed.

It was the week after the war ended that they found him. An informer telephoned the S.I.B. headquarters in Cairo on May 15. McGee was found sitting calmly in a Cairo café. With typical impudence he had been living in a house almost directly opposite the S.I.B. office in Bab-el-Hadid Barracks.

The tale of the mythical pipeline was told again at McGee's court-martial. He was convicted, served his sentence and was last heard of living as a civilian in Egypt.

Birth Of The S.I.B.

Crocker, who arrested McGee, is a blue-eyed, light-hearted police officer who on one occasion rode an ass up to his brigadier's headquarters after he had been warned to save petrol.

A detective constable in the criminal records office at Scotland Yard when war broke out, he was one of the men summoned to Detective-Superintendent Campion's office early in 1940 and asked, "Do you want to go to France with me?" Campion, a tall dark man with piercing brown eyes, asked eighteen Yard men the same question, got eighteen affirmative replies and formed the first S.I.B. unit in February, 1940.

At the outbreak of war there was no such thing as a Special Investigation Branch. The civilian police in Britain were accustomed to deal with crime affecting military personnel and property. On September 9, 1939, the British Expeditionary Force landed in France, and from then on it became increasingly obvious that the army needed expert police assistance.

The War Office made a frantic appeal to the Home Office for the loan of forty detectives. The Metropolitan Police Commissioner sent a chief inspector to investigate.

George Hatherill, now a deputy commander of the Metropolitan Police, was shocked at what he found. At Rennes he discovered that six thousand troops were being blamed for thirty serious crimes within seventeen days. The offences included an 80,000-franc smash-and-grab raid on a jeweller's shop, housebreaking, robbery with violence, fraud and four car thefts—including one vehicle belonging to the French gendarmerie.

Troops Were Blamed

At Nantes, Naafi reported £5,000 of goods missing from its first eight shipments, and at Le Havre 24,600 razor blades had been stolen from a consignment of 50,000.

The French gendarmes were overworked, they found it difficult dealing with English-speaking soldiers, and there was no investigation branch with whom they could collaborate. Troops were blamed for any unsolved crimes, and relations with French civilians were deteriorating.

Later, investigators proved that many of the thefts blamed on the army took place in British ports, or were the work of French criminals who were attracted to the millions of pounds worth of stores sent to France.

To Hatherill the solution was obvious. The civilian police could call on the Criminal Investigation Department to deal with crime. The army needed a similar detective organization. He submitted his report. The War Office agreed and asked the commissioner of police to provide the trained investigators.

George Ripley, who now runs a toy business in Stoke Newington, was on alien tribunal work at Harlesden when Hatherill's plan was put into action. "A call came for me to report to

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Superintendent Campion," Ripley recalls. "I didn't have the faintest notion what it was all about. All I knew was that I was whisked across London in no time at all. Then I was in Campion's office and he was asking me if I wanted to go to France."

Campion and his band of eighteen detectives left New Scotland Yard on February 12 and reported to the Corps of Military Police depot at Mytchett. They became seven officers, six sergeant-majors and six sergeants, and were assigned to one hut. Ripley had been a Coldstream Guard P.T. instructor, so he took the squad at drill.

Jack Ellis, now a detective inspector in London, was assigned to Nantes. "Everyone's eyes were on us," says Ellis, a firm-jawed, blue-eyed man. "'Here come the men from the Yard,' they'd say. We had to get results."

Ellis applied routine police measures to the situation at Nantes, where Naafi was losing goods by the shipload. On Ellis's advice, Naafi hired an attractive French girl who happened to be the wife of a gendarme. It took her three weeks to win the confidence of the gang which was robbing the depot, but at the end of that time she gave information that led the S.I.B. to seize some local taxis and arrest five men for stealing supplies worth 1,628,000 francs (then £10,175).

Middle East Crisis

The other sections produced similar results. However, the work ended with the Nazi break-through to the Channel. Campion was mortally wounded at Boulogne in an air raid. The remaining eighteen detectives returned to the United Kingdom. For a time it looked as if the S.I.B. would be dissolved.

But the army was unwilling to lose the services of these trained investigators. Rather than release them, the War Office assigned the sections to the six military commands. Then, late in 1940 came an appeal from the Middle East.

In Cairo, an English business man, Claude Harper, rejoined the army. He had served in the first World War and later settled in Egypt. In 1940 he was put in an office in Bab-el-Hadid Barracks, near the main Cairo railway station, and given the job of organizing a full-scale Special Investigation Branch.

A month or so later, the bespectacled Harper was joined by Frank Elliot, one of Campion's original squad from Scotland Yard. Harper remained head of the branch as it expanded through the Middle East (finally retiring, a full colonel, to become commissioner for the International Tea Bureau in Cairo), while Elliot became head of the world-wide S.I.B. organization.

A Little Chicago

Harper was an old hand on the Middle East. He knew people and he knew local customs; Elliot was the Scotland Yard expert. As the force expanded these two people were joined by more Yard men and by an élite group of specialists — Guards reservists who came from almost every borough and county police force in England.

One of the first in the Middle East was another Yard man, Phil Attfield, a fair, solidly-built officer with a trim moustache. He is now a Special Branch detective sergeant assigned to guard Anthony Eden.

Harper and Elliot concentrated on Cairo and the Canal Zone. Attfield went to Alexandria. "When we got there," Attfield says, "the thieves, deserters and local gangsters were running wild. It was nothing but a Little Chicago."

Chicago has yet to see some of the rackets that flourished in the Middle East. Railway thieving was so well organized that train crews signalled with locomotive whistles to waiting bandits and then slowed down to allow bales and boxes to be thrown off.

Other gangs specialized in raiding army encampments, and not a few soldiers woke in the morning to find that the tent under which they had gone to sleep had disappeared. With it, probably, went the wallets they had hidden under their pillows.

Down Alexandria's Sister Street and Cairo's Sharia Wagh-el-Berka were the supervised brothels. They remained open to British troops until well on in the war, under S.I.B. control all the time. There was a photograph and description of every prostitute and every cabaret hostess in the S.I.B. files, and frequently these records aided the investigation of crimes and the tracking of deserters.

From a police point of view, the supervised houses of prostitution could be effectively controlled. Cases of venereal disease could be traced without difficulty. Girls employed in the houses would inform the police about criminals and deserters rather than face loss of their official employment cards.

The army eventually placed brothels out of bounds. Some credit the move to Lady Astor, others to Field-Marshal Montgomery. As a result some houses were closed, and some girls went on the streets to work. There was an increase in venereal disease and more work for the S.I.B. morality patrols.

So many pimps and touts of all descriptions pestered British troops on Cairo's streets that the S.I.B. obtained a vehicle known as the "Gin Palace" which would carry as many as forty customers off to the local jail. The Gin Palace was used by "The Hunt" which was organized to deal with this nuisance.

A young soldier would act as hare. The foxes were the touts who pestered him on the streets. The hunt consisted of officers and civilian police who followed behind in the Gin Palace and pounced on the "foxes." As many as a hundred pimps, touts and footpads were rounded up by the hunt in one night.

NEXT WEEK: Captain Crocker outwits the smugglers

Consider your verdict

by

RUSSELL SCOTT, LL.B.

JIMMY and Alan were very excited. Alan was staying at Jimmy's house for the school holidays, and Jimmy's father had offered to take them out to shoot rabbits.

The two ten-year-olds promised to be good, but by the end of an hour or two, Jimmy's father decided that the noise they made would scare every rabbit for miles. "I think it's time you both went home," he said.

The boys' faces fell. Then father had an idea. "I'll tell you what," he added. "You can take my spare gun home for me." He spent several minutes teaching them how to carry it, and packed them off, making sure the gun was unloaded.

Jimmy and Alan waited until they were out of his sight, and began to take it in turns to shoot imaginary rabbits with imaginary cartridges. Jimmy felt a certain possessive pride in his father's gun, and insisted on having most "shots."

Then, he produced his treasure: two new cartridges which his father had left lying around the house. Jimmy loaded the gun, and they began rabbit-hunting in real earnest.

After a while, Alan demanded to carry the gun as they stalked along. "But I haven't shot anything yet," protested Jimmy. "Wait until I've fired the gun."

But Alan was impatient, and insisted on his turn there and then. From arguing, they passed to blows. Alan picked up a stone, and threw it at Jimmy, cutting his head. Jimmy, beside himself with rage, snatched up the gun from where it had fallen, and pulled the trigger.

After the explosion, he saw Alan lying on the ground, bleeding from his left leg.

Alan's father refused to treat the matter as a childish accident. On behalf of his son, he sued Jimmy's father for damages, blaming him for allowing the boys to have the gun.

Jimmy's father, on the other hand, pointed out that Alan had started the fight and had caused the first injury by hitting Jimmy with a stone. He brought a cross-action against Alan and his father, on Jimmy's behalf.

The court had to decide who was to blame—Jimmy's father, Alan's father, or Alan himself.

What is your verdict? For the judge's decision, see page 40

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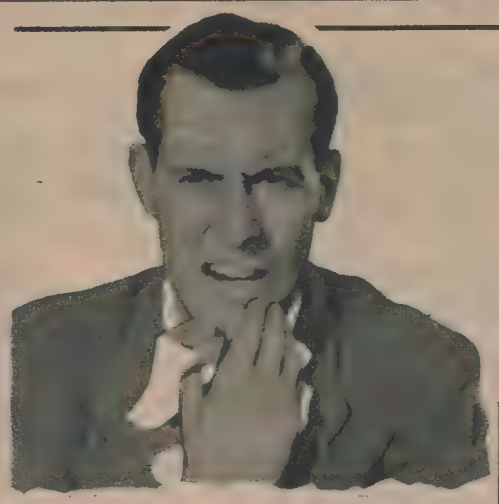

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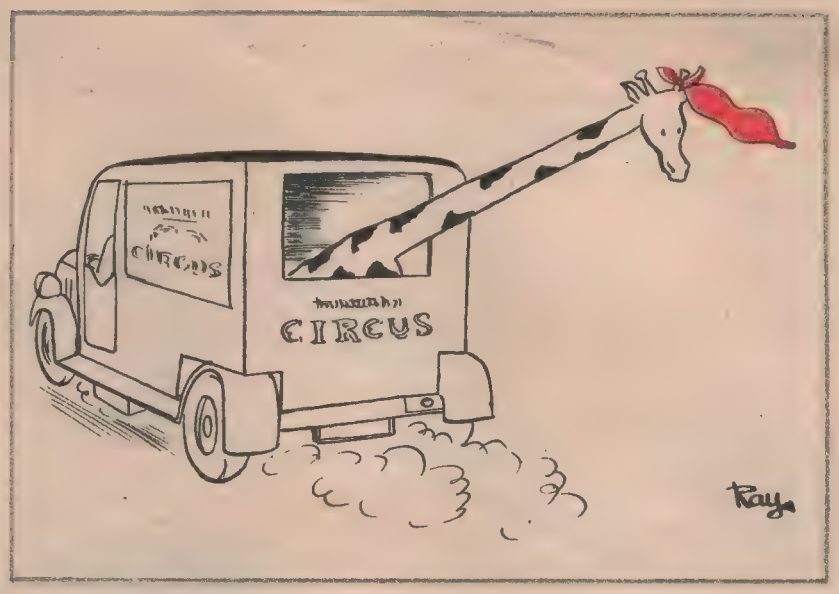

FOUR THOUSAND PRIVATE LIVES —BEHIND STEEL DOORS

Continued from page 20

jewellers, silversmiths, lawyers and diamond merchants at rents running up to £600 a year.

Renting one of the small integers is a simple affair. A depositor pays a year's rent and is allocated a letter and number. He is led through the massive thirteen-ton doors into the flood-proof, gas-proof and bomb-proof rooms of the Deposit itself, and is shown his safe.

Each integer has two locks; one key is held by the depositor, the other by the attendant. Both keys must be used at the same time before the integer can be opened.

Every depositor is asked to think of a pass-word, which is revealed only to the Safe Deposit staff, and which the depositor may be asked to give before the attendant helps him to open his safe.

If a well-known depositor forgets his pass-word he may be "led on" by one of the attendants, who will ask him whether it is a number, a place-name, or a woman's name. "Security comes first," says Cousins, "and we once sent a man back to his home in the Midlands when he couldn't remember his pass-word."

Depositors sometimes find a red or white label over the safe's keyhole. A white one means a message is waiting for them in Cousins's office. A red one indicates their rent is overdue. But seemingly bad debts are often paid years later, says Cousins.

Woman Came To Gloat

Cousins, a Leeds man who looks like a quiet country lawyer, has been associated with the family business all his life. He deals personally with unusual or difficult clients. One of these was a woman who paid £10 a year for one of the larger safes and made no secret of the fact that she came regularly to gloat over the contents—a single halfpenny.

The most common problem brought to Cousins, he says, is that of the husband who wants access to his wife's safe, or of the wife who wants to find out what her husband is keeping in the Deposit. "In no case do we help them," says Cousins.

Most of the men and women who use the Deposit are ordinary householders who find it the best and cheapest place for keeping their papers, jewellery, or other valuables. "From all I hear, we must be looking after hundreds of Post War Credit slips and Saving Certificates," says Cousins.

There are also what he calls the secrets of youth—the love-letters, faded bouquets, and mementos of weddings. One elderly depositor visited his safe regularly to inspect the contents. He came year after year, until he was a familiar figure. Then one day his solicitor came instead; the old man had died.

"We opened the safe," recalls Cousins. "Inside there was only a small envelope containing a lock of a woman's hair."

Packets of love letters present their own problem when the depositor dies. "We would like to use our discretion about handing them over," Cousins admits, "but we are legally bound to give them up. I hope we don't release too many family skeletons."

Wartime bombing helped to transform the business of the Deposit. Cousins points to William Walter, one of the most famous London dealers in antique silver, as an example of how this happened.

"When I was first bombed out from my Duke Street premises," says Walter, "I merely removed the undamaged stock and put it in one of the bigger safes at the Deposit. Then I took my clients down there."

Soon, he found that he was doing most of his business from the Deposit, and had to rent a strong-room when business became too big to be handled from the safe. "What is more," he says, "when I wanted to lock up at night, all I had to do was walk out and turn the key in the lock."

Silver Storehouse

Today, Walter is one of a score of silver dealers who rent large strong-room shops in "Silver Street," a long broad corridor in the Deposit where customers can inspect such items as £500 silver salvers and £500 half-gallon silver tankards. "There is often more antique silver here than in the rest of London," says Cousins.

To guard the treasures of the Deposit, whose value runs into millions of pounds, there is a unique security system.

When the Deposit was first opened by Cousins's grandfather in 1886, the entrances were guarded by night watchmen armed with carbine, pistol and cutlass. Today, security arrangements are organized by John Tann, Ltd., the safe-makers. The only entrance to the Deposit is through the massive steel doors which are closed by locks with 100,000,000 possible combinations. The combination, which is changed daily, is known only to two or three senior officers of the company.

"In addition," explains Cousins, "there are special time-locks, so that the Deposit cannot under any circumstances be opened between closing time in the evening and opening time the next morning."

Fraud Attempt Failed

No one has ever tried to break into the Deposit, and there has been only one case of attempted fraud.

This involved a man who rented one of the smaller safes and claimed that it had been opened when he had not been present. It was discovered later that he had visited the safe just before closing time on the night before he made his accusations. Then he tried to sue the Deposit for a large sum which he claimed was missing from the safe.

"He failed," says Cousins. THE END

AMAZON HEADHUNTERS

Continued from page 17

the brother of the man with the necklace of jaguar teeth," Shuara said. "And look—they are holding hands and dancing together!"

"Do they know?" I asked.

"Of course they know," Shuara said. "But do not worry. They will not fight now, not until the lance is dug up ag in."

As the dance continued, I could see that the men were being stirred by the memory of other *tsantsa* dances, by the feelings of exultation and triumph and mysticism that seized them then. Faces were tense and body movements became more sharply defined, more true in rhythm. I grabbed my own camera to get some wonderful close-ups of faces that the others might miss. And finally, after about twenty minutes, I called a halt.

Stepping into the circle of men, who still held hands, breathing deeply, I took the hands of two of the warriors while I thanked them for the wonderful dancing that would make my picture so true. Without warning, the music started up again and the men took up the dance, still holding me by the hands. I did the only thing there was to do. I joined in.

It was not difficult, of course, and in a moment I was following their rhythmic steps: sideways and forward, sideways back, in a shuffle. I found myself emitting a hoarse grunt along with the others, and being part of that movement, a contributor to that weird sound, made me share their feelings, somehow. A steady rhythm can do strange things to people and for a few minutes it almost made a Jivaro out of me.

Time For The Feast

Across the circle I watched the shrunken head as it bobbed and shook against Juantinga's chest. I looked at Juantinga's face and saw a rapt, dedicated expression that welled up from the depths of his soul. And I felt something of that emotion myself. For a little while I was very close to feeling the emotions of a man who has cut off another man's head, has shrunk it, and now dances round it.

The dance ended. It was time now for the feast itself.

I supervised the cutting and handing out of the meat, at which all the men looked hungrily. I hoped that they would stay and eat together, because I was beginning to get the evangelical notion that if I could just keep these people together, co-operating for a while, they would find that they were all good people and would stop feuding.

But the suspicions were too great, the fears too deep. After the dancing was over, there was nothing to bind them together, and each group took its meat and went off to its own shelter.

The next morning the Cambanaca group did not appear, and a visit to their shelter proved that they had left to return to their own area. Their fear had been too great. They were outnumbered by every other group, and they could not sleep.

I was sorry, of course, but their departure did not upset my picture plans. There were a few other things I would like to do, but nothing requiring a large crowd. Since Juantinga was now the principal character in my dance sequences, as the victor who has taken a head, I wanted very much to re-create some scenes in which he would appear so that they could be used to build up to the final scene.

During that day we staged many scenes that might lead up to the *tsantsa* dance. Some of these I already had of real events, but Juantinga was not a part of them. We worked out a scene in which Juantinga and other warriors were preparing for a raid, then saying goodbye to their wives and leaving the clearing. We followed this with an assault by Juantinga's group on a *jivaria*, and a battle. All went well, and we obtained excellent shots without an untoward incident. But that night the Tutanangosa group left for their homes without saying another word.

Washing The Baby

A few other good shots were taken next day without any staging. I had a mechanical turtle that the kids enjoyed immensely, and I showed some of the boys how to spin the tops I had brought for them. Finally, I had my camera at hand when I saw one of the Sepa mothers washing her baby.

She took water from a gourd into her mouth, a tremendous quantity of it, and held the baby before her. Letting out a short shower of water over the baby she rubbed vigorously. Another spurt of the shower, more rubbing. In two minutes the baby was clean. I noticed that some of the men washed their faces in the same fashion, taking water into their mouths, then letting just enough into their hands to douse over the face.

I was sorry when the day came to an end. Utitiaja was to leave the next day. After the evening meal I asked Utitiaja if he would like to come to my tent to talk for a while, since this was our last evening together.

He came to my tent with the wife who had accompanied him on this strange journey—a woman in her fifties and probably his first wife. I offered a camp stool to Utitiaja's wife, but Utitiaja sat down on it and his wife sat on the ground at his feet, looking up at him.

The great headhunter seemed to be happy. He spoke of the pictures we had taken, of the scenes we had enacted, with genuine pleasure. He stopped talking, as if he had finished saying what he wanted to say and had no other thoughts on his mind at the moment. He looked down at his wife and smiled, and she gazed at him with an expression of such devotion as I have never seen on a person's face. It was more than just adulation; it was pride and love and closeness.

A Killer At Seventeen

Utitiaja seemed perfectly content to sit in silence, but I felt uneasy. There was so much I wanted to know, but I disliked trying to pry information from him with questions. Nevertheless, I had to start.

"How old were you when you went on your first raid?" I asked.

"Ten," Utitiaja replied. "I went along with my father but did not really fight."

"Were you afraid?"

"Yes, I was very frightened, but not as frightened as when I took my first head." The *curaka* smiled at the recollection.

"How old were you then?" I asked.

"Seventeen."

I felt as if I were conducting a third degree, but Utitiaja did not mind at all. "Who taught you to be a great hunter and warrior?" I asked.

"My father, as all Jivaro boys are taught. My father showed me how to hunt, how to aim the blowpipe, handle the lance, move through the forest like the jaguar. When I was seven I started going on hunts with him. I listened and watched him and so I learned. And every morning he sat me down in front of him, even before we ate food, and told me what I must do when I grew up. He told me who our enemies were, who had killed his father, his brother. Each time he told me exactly how they died and who had caused their deaths. He had avenged his father by killing the man. Really the man had killed himself by

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Challenge

THE key to progress has always been fearless intellectual experiment. Don't be afraid to question and challenge accepted "truths." They are not necessarily true because everyone thinks they are.

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by ROFFE THOMPSON

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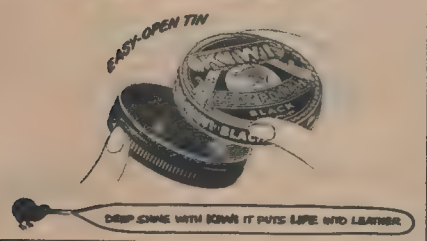

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doing what he did to my grandfather."

The idea certainly had a grain of truth in it, I thought.

"But my father did more than talk to train me to be a warrior," said the chief. "When I first accompanied him on a raid, at ten, he kept me close to him through the fighting. When he had killed his enemy with the lance, he called me to his side and gave me the lance. Then he told me to plunge it in the dead man's body so that I would come to know the feel of it and learn how hard I must thrust. He wanted me to do this, also, so that I would not be afraid, so I would become accustomed to blood."

A Beautiful Dream

He looked at his wife with a twinkle in his eyes. "My father also told me that I would become weak if I had anything to do with women. . ." he paused for a moment, "before puberty." His wife smiled. "When my hair was grown and I reached the time to become a man, my father and mother had a great feast for me. It lasted three days. The *wishinu* blew tobacco water up my nose to strengthen me, and then I went into the woods with a jar of *maikoa* to make me dream fine dreams.

"I built a lean-to in the forest, a dream house. For five days I fasted and drank only *maikoa* that makes you dizzy and then brings the *aruturna*, the Old Ones, your ancestors, back to talk to you and give advice. I had many beautiful dreams, but one kept coming back to me. In this dream I was lying alone in the forest resting, my lance at my side. Suddenly a jaguar charged and leaped at me. I sprang up in time to grab my lance and rip the jaguar to pieces."

"How did you know what that dream meant?"

"I did not know then. I went to the *wishinu* and told him my dream. I knew from his expression and the happiness of my father and mother that I had dreamed a good dream indeed. The *wishinu* said that the dream of killing a jaguar was the most significant dream anyone could have. It meant that I would grow up to become a strong and brave warrior, a great hunter. When I dreamed that I jumped up so quickly that the jaguar could not kill me, that meant I would be cleverer and faster than my enemies. They could never trick me or ambush me.

"Once, later, I thought the dream was wrong, when enemies jumped out on me as I walked on the path alone. They left me on the path with a great hole in my chest oozing blood, and they thought I was dead. But I was not dead. I got well and lived to kill my attackers."

Avenged Father's Death

"When you were a boy and learned all that the dream meant how did you feel?" I asked.

Utitiaja looked at me in amazement. "I felt wonderful, of course, as anyone would who knew that he would be successful in achieving the most important thing in life. I was happy. I felt strong—strong enough to kill a real jaguar, to kill real enemies, even then.

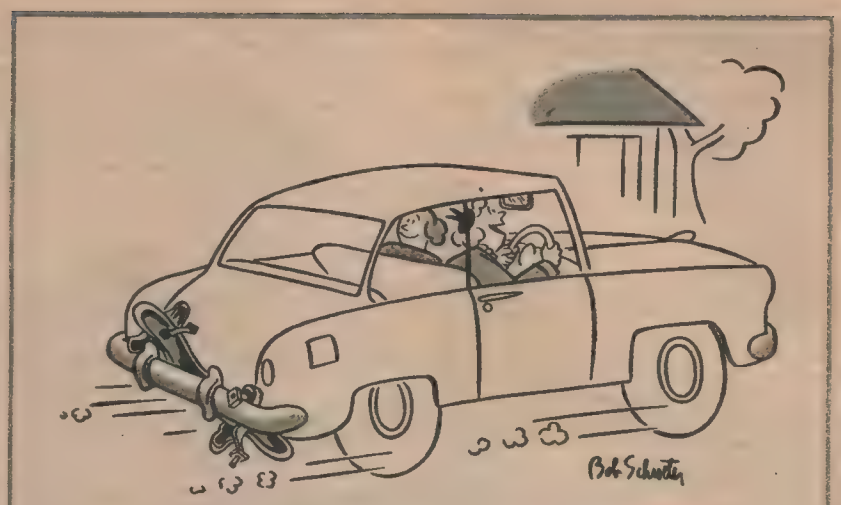
"The first head I ever took," Utitiaja went on, "was of the man who had killed my father. I had sworn that I would avenge my father's death so that his soul could rest in peace. I was thirteen when he died. For four long years his soul was restless and unhappy because I could not take blood revenge. When I killed this man I could say, 'See, my father, I have brought your soul peace.'"

"Utitiaja, you have killed fifty-eight men," I said. "Now that you are getting older, don't you worry about it sometimes? Do you feel sorry for what you have done? Do you think it is right to kill men like that?"

"It is all right to kill your enemies, who would kill you if they could. Even you *apachis* know that, for I have heard of your wars."

"But when you kill a man because you believe he is responsible for a relative's death, through a snake or accident—in such instances, do you think it is right for you to take the law in your own hands and execute the man?"

"Who else would kill him?" Utitiaja asked. "I hear that you pay certain people to do that for you, in your country. I think that is wrong. I am the one who has the right and the duty to kill him. And I have always fulfilled my duties, not tried to get someone else to take care of them for me."



"Well, I finally shook off that car that followed us out of the parking place"

"What is the *tsantsa* feast like, Utitiaja, when you are the victor celebrating the destruction of your enemy and his spirit that keeps trying to hurt you?"

"It is a wonderful thing," Utitiaja said. "You feel that you are good, that you have done what you are supposed to do in this world. You have triumphed over your enemy by killing him. You now triumph over his evil spirit and make it a good spirit to help you more. And you tell the souls of the people you loved that they can stop wandering unhappily. Those are all splendid things to feel. It seems as if you are soaring high like the condor. I wish I could have had more *tsantsa* feasts."

"More than fifty-eight?" I cried.

Utitiaja laughed. "Oh, I have not had fifty-eight. Only nine or ten, I believe. Usually I did not have enough swine and chickens to give a big feast."

Secret Of His Success

I was glad to know that there were some things even the greatest headhunter of them all could not afford. It suddenly made him more human, to see him figuring up the cost of a *tsantsa* feast with his wives and reluctantly concluding that they just could not afford it this year. Next year, maybe.

I asked Utitiaja what qualities he thought were most responsible for his great success as a warrior.

"My father was strong and clever," he said, "and he gave me some of his strength and brains. He trained me well. But the main reason is that before any war or raid I always drank *nateema* or *maikoa* and through my dreams learned from the Old Ones whether my plans could succeed or not. If they said no, I postponed the raid. If they said yes, I went ahead, knowing that I must win."

There was the secret of his supreme confidence, I thought, the deep inner assurance I had sensed in him from the moment I first saw him. It was a feeling of confidence that had been confirmed fifty-eight times, at least.

Raids To Steal Women

"What causes these terrible wars, Utitiaja?" I asked. "I don't mean the individual acts of blood revenge, but the big raids when you and your men try to wipe out an enemy entirely and steal his women. What starts them?"

"Sometimes the clans have always been enemies and no one knows how that started. Apart from that, witchdoctors and women cause the wars. I mean that men need several wives to be happy and if they cannot find them in friendly clans, they will make war to find women. I can think of so many raids made just for that reason—to steal a woman."

I heard a low sob from Utitiaja's wife and looked at her. She had stared at her husband throughout our talk, but when he spoke of the raids for women her head dropped on her chest and she wept. I was amazed, because Jivaro women rarely show such emotion anywhere, above all not in front of a stranger.

I looked up at Shuara with a question in my eyes, but he shook his head. He had no idea what was wrong. Utitiaja saw my look and turned to me.

"I'll tell you why she weeps," he said. "Our daughter married a brave young warrior who lived in a friendly *jivaria* near our home. They had been married only a few months. Last month an enemy clan raided his *jivaria* and killed him. They stole my daughter. We don't know for sure where she is, because we do not know just who made the raid and took her. It was done at night, and no one seems to know. I have been trying to find out so I can kill the man. Maybe I can bring my daughter back to us, too. But anyway I can kill the man if I learn who he is. I believe he is an enemy of mine who has done this because he dares not attack me."

His wife sobbed while he spoke but stopped as he finished telling me about their daughter. They obviously were very devoted to her, to all their children. The Jivaro is highly endowed with many such good qualities. He is scrupulously honest, his solemn word can be counted on completely. He loves his wives and his children and is kind to them. How can such good people do the evil things they do? Because they believe, deeply and with religious fervour, that those things are good—indeed, the best things of all.

Utitiaja and his wife got up to leave. "I believe I know who the enemy is who stole my daughter," he said. "And I must thank you for that. I am quite certain he was here. I will make sure, but then I will kill him."

Captured By Soldiers

It was quite late when Utitiaja and his wife returned to their shelter. I went to bed right away, but when I woke up in the morning, and looked out of the tent I saw that Utitiaja's camp was deserted. They had probably left in the dark, just before dawn.

About two months after I returned to New York I received a newspaper clipping from Quito, sent by a friend there who knew of my visit to the greatest of all headhunters. The paper reported that the notorious Jivaro chief Utitiaja had murdered a man of the Tutanangosa tribe. As Utitiaja was returning to his home he fell into the hands of a small detachment of soldiers who had been flown into Sucua to see if the recent wave of murders could not be put down.

Some authorities insisted that the "gangster" Utitiaja be flown to Quito to stand trial for murder. But the government cited a law providing that no savage could be punished for crimes against another savage, on the theory that such primitive peoples can best get along by following their own codes of justice. Utitiaja was released and returned to his home.

So Utitiaja had number fifty-nine now! And perhaps he had his daughter back. In any event her husband's soul could now rest in peace. I found myself hoping that he could afford a *tsantsa* feast this year.

THE END

Lewis Cotlow's book will be published by Robert Hale Ltd. in January at 18s. "Jungle Headhunters," the film of his Amazon expeditions, is distributed by RKO Radio Pictures

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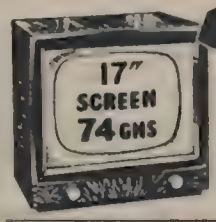

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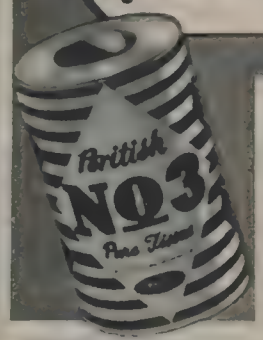

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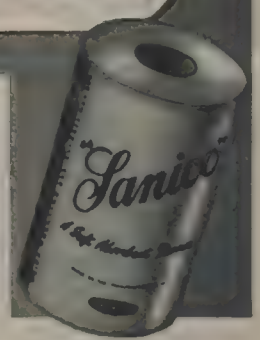

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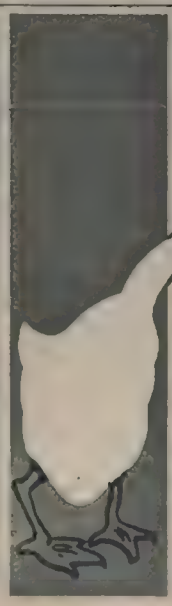

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MURDEROUS HONEYMOON

Continued from page 23

so much on his mind. Falcons. Red hair."

"Oh, but it's mad," I cried.

Jill was so incredibly calm now that it was my turn to be apprehensive. "We'll go tomorrow," I said.

"Oh, no," she said. "I'm going to see this out. Don't forget I shan't be alone with him. There'll be you and the gillie. We should have gone that first evening. Now it's too late. I must find out or I'll never rest."

The morning was a relief. We had talked far into the night and I for one slept badly, although I think Jill almost made up for her previous bad night. Our relative positions had drastically changed.

FINE and hot again and once more Crawford had eaten breakfast before we were down. When we saw him he looked so absurdly normal, so hale and hearty, that I could almost have laughed at my nightmares.

"Let's reverse our plan," he said. "There are a devil of a lot of hare and there'll be plenty to serve your eye later on. We'll take only a couple of hawks and fly them off the fist until we're ready to shoot."

The same gillie, smiling and tongue-tied, the same fat pony and the dogs. We turned downhill this morning however and beat the lower stretch of land above the river. The heather had been checked here and the ground we covered was more like grazing, short, springy, upland turf. I took in great breaths of the heavenly air.

We followed much the same tactics as yesterday; that is to say, we beat in an extended line. The gillie had taken the bit from the pony's mouth and left the beast to graze. Crawford took the hood from one of the hawks.

"I'd like you to fly her," he said to Jill. He took the heavy gauntlet off his hand and waited while she drew it on.

I tried to study Jill's face, but she gave no sign.

"I'll blow a whistle," Crawford said. "When you hear it, throw her forward. She'll take care of everything after that."

Far below, like a small snaking band, was the foaming burn. Crawford waved his arm and we began to go down towards it, the Labradors in front, their black curly sterns waving hopefully.

"D'you mind fanning out a bit wider?" Crawford called. "Mrs. Mount, keep the goshawk ready. You should go a bit forward."

I was behind Jill, perhaps twenty yards separated from her, but I reckoned enough to keep her covered.

Then all at once there was Crawford's shrill whistle. "There!" he shouted. "Quick!"

None of us, except him, had seen the hare rise. It might have materialized out of the turf. I had a moment's glimpse of the long, delicate, black-tipped ears and the erect white scut, then the hare's powerful quarters were driving it downhill to the river in great, leaping bounds.

Jill, by comparison, appeared to be immensely slow. She ran forward a dozen paces and her skirt seemed to hamper her movements. The goshawk fluttered on her wrist, then, with a whirr of wings, rose from her fist. The hawk flew close to the naked turf, in a straight line, at the doubling hare.

The hare's escape tactics, so effective against an earth-bound pursuer, enabled the hawk to come within striking distance even more swiftly, for the bird, from its superior vantage, followed the quarry without fault.

The hawk swung upward to gain height then struck, but the hare, its widely spaced eyes covering the dangers behind it, swerved wildly and the strike was a foot wide. Almost simultaneously, however, the hawk corrected its plunge, swung up again and launched itself once more upon the hare.

Jill uttered a little cry of triumph when Crawford, breaking from the line, leapt ahead with much of the speed and violence of the hawk. Before I could do more than start, he cannoned into Jill and bowled her off her feet.

SHE fell forward down the steep slope, arms wildly milling. The turf, short and wiry, was like ice and, even as she lost balance, Crawford crashed down beside her. As I ran, the blood pounding in my head, I saw his hands grasping her throat.

The gillie had also run forward and we cannot have been more than a few paces apart as we threw ourselves upon Crawford. Strangely, the moment we laid our hands roughly on his arms and shoulders he crumpled, and we hauled him to his feet without trouble. His face was redder than ever, his eyes tightly closed. There was some appalling rigidity about him that was terrifying to see.

I let go of Crawford and knelt beside Jill. "Darling," I whispered, "darling, it's all right."

There were livid marks on the skin at the base of her throat and she was choking. I pressed her to me. My lips touched her wonderful hair. Then, I don't know why, I turned my head and caught sight of Crawford, glaring at me with such concentrated malevolence that I hastily gazed down again at Jill.

Lower down the slope the goshawk was gorging herself on the dead hare. THE END

HORNBLOWER OF THE ATROPOS

Continued from page 19

would make up his mind that a trick had been played on him, that Atropos had been signalling to non-existent friends, and there was no guessing what he might decide to do then. Meanwhile the wind was moderating, and Atropos could set more canvas.

"Try setting the mainsail, Mr. Jones, if you please." When beating to windward she behaved best under all the sail she could carry, and he might as well keep as close to the enemy as the wind allowed.

"Aye aye, sir."

"You may dismiss the watch below, Mr. Jones."

"Aye aye, sir."

Hornblower glanced round the deck. Second-lieutenant Still would have the watch.

"Call me if there's any change, Mr. Still. I want to set more sail if the wind moderates further."

"Aye aye, sir."

A moment of exaltation come and gone. He had been on his feet nearly all day, since dawn, and his legs were weary, and if he stayed on deck they would grow wearier still. Down below there were the two books he had bought at Gibraltar for a badly needed guinea—Lord Hodge's *Statement of the Present Political Condition of Italy* and Barber's *New Methods of Determining Longitude, with some Remarks on Discrepancies in Recent Charts*. He wanted to inform himself on both subjects, and it was better to do so now than to stay up on deck growing more and more weary while the hours passed.

At sunset he emerged again; Castilla was still holding the same course, with Atropos headreaching upon her very slightly. He looked at those distant topsails; he read the slate that recorded the day's run, and he waited while the log was hove again. Surely if Castilla intended to put back to Cartagena she would have gone about by now. If she did not come about by the time darkness set in, it would be a strong indication that she had something else in mind.

He waited as the sunset faded from the western sky, and until the first stars began to appear overhead; that was when his aching eye, straining through the glass, could see no more of Castilla. But at the last sight of her she was still standing to the southward. All the more reason to keep her under observation.

It was the end of the second dog-watch and the hands were being called.

"I'll have the main-course taken in, Mr. Turner," Hornblower said.

He wrote his night orders by the faint light of the binnacle; the ship to be kept close hauled on the starboard tack; he was to be called if the wind shifted more than two points, and in any event he was to be called immediately before moonrise in the middle watch. The gloomy little cabin when he retired into it was like a wild beast's lair, with its dark corners where the light of the lamp did not penetrate. He lay down fully clothed. His eyes closed with fatigue, and did not open again until they came to tell him the middle watch had been called.

The west wind, dying away though it was, had brought a slight overcast with it, enough to obscure the stars and deprive the small moon, almost in its last quarter, of most of its light. Atropos, still close hauled, was now, in the lessening wind, only flirting with the waves that came on to her starboard bow, meeting them elegantly like a stage beauty extending her hand to a stage lover. The dark water all around seemed to fall in with the mood and to murmur pretty conventionalities. There seemed no imminence of blazing death. The minutes passed in warm idleness.

"Deck there!" That was the masthead lookout hailing. "I think I can see something, sir. Right away on the starboard bow."

"Get aloft with the night glass, youngster," said Turner, who had the

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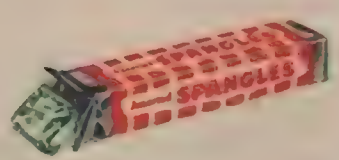

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watch, to the master's mate beside him.

A minute passed, two minutes.

"Yes, sir," came the new voice from the masthead. "It's the loom of a ship. Three miles—four miles—five on the starboard bow."

The night glasses trained round more forward. "Maybe," said Turner.

There was a tiny patch of something darker than the surrounding night; Hornblower's night glass could tell him no more than that. He watched it painstakingly. The bearing of it seemed to be altering.

"Steer small!" he growled at the helmsman.

For a moment he wondered if the patch was really there; it might be something his mind suggested to his eye. No, it was undoubtedly there, and drawing across Atropos's bows, more than could be accounted for by any wavering of her course with bad steering. It must be Castilla; she must have swung round at midnight and come hurrying down wind in the hope of pouncing on her prey by surprise.

"Heave to, Mr. Turner," he said, and walked across to the port side to keep the Castilla under observation as Atropos came up into the wind.

"Deck there! I can see her plainly now, sir. On the port quarter. Captain, sir! She's wearing round!"

So she was. Her sails gleamed momentarily bright in the moonlight as they swung round. She had failed in her attempt to surprise her enemy, and was making a fresh one.

"Lay her on the port tack, Mr. Turner."

The little Atropos could play catch-as-catch-can with any big frigate in this sort of weather. She swung round and headed into the wind, her stern to her pursuer again.

"Masthead! What sail has the enemy set?"

"She's setting her royals, sir. All plain sail to the royals."

"Call the hands, Mr. Turner. Set all plain sail."

There was still enough wind for the addition of courses and royals to lay Atropos over and send her flying once more. Hornblower looked back at Castilla's topsails and royals, silhouetted against clear sky below noon. It did not take very long to determine that.

Now Atropos was gaining fast. He was pondering a decision regarding shortening sail when he was saved the trouble. The silhouettes narrowed again abruptly.

"Deck there!" hailed the masthead. "Enemy's hauled her wind, sir."

"Very well! Mr. Turner, wear ship, if you please. Point our bows right at her, and take in the fore course."

The terrier had evaded the bull's charge and was now yapping at its heels again. It was easy to follow the Castilla for the rest of the night, keeping a sharp lookout during the periods of darkness lest she should play on them the same trick as Atropos had played once.

Dawn, rising ahead, revealed the Castilla's royals and topsails an inky black before they changed to ivory white against the blue sky. Hornblower could imagine the rage of the Spanish captain at the sight of his pertinacious pursuer, dogging him in this fashion with insolent impunity. Seven miles separated the ships, but as far as the Castilla's big eighteen pounders mattered it might as well be seventy.

Hornblower was conscious of weariness again. He had been on his feet since midnight, after less than four hours' rest. He wanted, passionately, to rest his legs; he wanted hardly less to close his aching eyes. But when any moment might bring the need for a quick decision he dared not leave the deck.

"I'll have a mattress up here," said Hornblower.

They brought one up and laid it aft beside the weather scuppers. He eased his aching joints on to it, settled his head on his pillow, and closed his eyes.

It was afternoon when he woke. He shaved with the aid of a mirror stuck

Buddy Bradley

teaches the stars to dance

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

in the hammock nettings; he took his bath under the wash-deck pump and put on the clean shirt that he sent for; he sat on the deck and ate cold beef and ship's biscuit.

It struck seven bells as he finished his last mouthful.

"Deck there! Enemy's altering course."

He was on his feet in a flash, his plate sliding into the scuppers, the telescope in his hand without conscious volition on his part. No doubt about it. Castilla had altered to a more northerly course, with the wind abeam. It was not very surprising, for they had run a full two hundred miles from Cartagena. It was time for her to head north to fetch Minorca.

He would follow her there, the terrier harassing the bull, and he would give a final yap at the bull's heels outside Port Mahon. Besides, the Castilla's alteration of course might not portend a mere flight to Minorca. They were right on the track of convoys beating up the Mediterranean from Sicily and Malta.

"Port your helm, Mr. Still, if you please. Maintain a parallel course."

It was only sensible to stay up to windward of Castilla as much as possible. The intense feeling of well-being of five minutes ago was replaced now by excitement, a slight tingling under the skin. Ten to one the Castilla's alteration of course meant nothing at all, but there was the tenth chance. Eight bells; hands mustered for the first dogwatch.

"Deck there! There's a sail ahead of the enemy, sir!"

That was it, then.

"Get aloft with you, Mr. Smiley. You can go, too, Mr. Prince."

That would show His Serene Highness that a punishment cleared the record in the navy, and that he was being trusted not to risk any more monkey tricks.

"Two sail! Three sail! Captain, sir, it looks like a convoy, dead to leeward."

A convoy could only be a British convoy, and a convoy meant the presence of a British ship of war ahead there in Castilla's path.

"Up helm and bear down on the enemy. Call all hands, Mr. Still, if you please. Clear for action!"

During all the long flight and pursuit he had not cleared for action. He had not wanted action with the vastly superior Castilla and had been determined on avoiding it. Now he hoped for it—hoped for it with that tremor of doubt that made him hate himself, all the more so as the repeating of the order brought a cheer from the men, the watch below pouring on deck for duty with expectant grins and schoolboy excitement.

Mr. Jones came bustling up on deck buttoning his coat; apparently he had been dozing comfortably through the afternoon watch. To Jones would fall the command of the Atropos if any accident should befall him, if a shot should take off his leg or dash him into bloody fragments. Odd that the thought of Jones becoming responsible for handling Atropos was as disturbing as the rest of it. But all the same, Jones must be brought up to date on the situation and told what should be done. He did it in three sharp sentences.

"I see, sir," said Jones, pulling at his long chin.

Hornblower was not sure that he did see, but there was no more time to spare for Jones.

"Masthead! What of the convoy?"

"One sail has tacked, sir. She's standing towards us."

"What d'you make of her?"

"She looks like a ship of war, sir. I can only see her royals, sir."

"Mr. Horrocks, make the private signal and our number"

A ship standing towards Castilla could only be a ship of war, the escorting vessel. Hornblower could only hope she would be one of the larger frigates, able to meet the big Castilla on something like equal terms. But he knew most of the frigates Collingwood had—Sirius, Naiad, Hermione—thirty-two gun twelve pounder frigates most of them, hardly a match for Castilla's forty-four eighteen pounders.

"Signal, sir!"

Horrocks was ready with the book as the masthead reported the flags. "Private signal correctly answered, sir. And her number. She's Nightingale, sir, twenty-eight, Captain Ford, sir."

Almost the smallest of the frigates, with only nine pounders on her maindeck. Please God, Ford would have the sense not to close with Castilla. He must out-manoeuvre her, keep her in play, and then when Atropos came up there could be some pretty tactics until they could shoot away some of Castilla's spars and take her at a disadvantage. Then they could rake her and weaken her before closing in for the kill.

The captain of the Castilla was showing proof of having grasped the essentials of the situation; caught between two hostile ships so that he could not avoid action if it were forced on him, he was plunging down at his best speed to the attack on the most accessible to him; he was still carrying all sail to bring him most quickly into action before Atropos could intervene. He could well hope to batter Nightingale into a wreck and then turn on Atropos. If he succeeded—oh, if he succeeded!—it would be a terrible problem for Atropos to decide whether or not to accept action.

"Ship cleared for action, sir," reported Jones.

"Very well."

Now his glass picked her up; the distant sail, far beyond Castilla. Nightingale was shortening down to "fighting sails" ready for action. Hornblower knew a little about Ford. He had the reputation of a good fighting captain. Please God he had discretion as well.

Castilla was still hurtling down upon Nightingale.

"Signal, sir. Number seventy-two. 'Engage the enemy more closely!'"

"Acknowledge."

Hornblower was conscious of Jones's and Turner's eyes upon him. There might be an implied rebuke in that signal, a hint that he was not doing his best to get into action. On the other hand it might be a mere signal that action was imminent. Nightingale's topsails were over the horizon now; close hauled, she was doing her best to come to meet Castilla. If only Ford would hold off for half an hour—Atropos was steadily gaining on Castilla. No, he was still hurrying to the encounter before Atropos could arrive: he was playing Castilla's game for her.

Now Castilla was clewing up her course; she was taking in her royals, ready for the clash. The two ships were right in line from where Hornblower stood staring at them through

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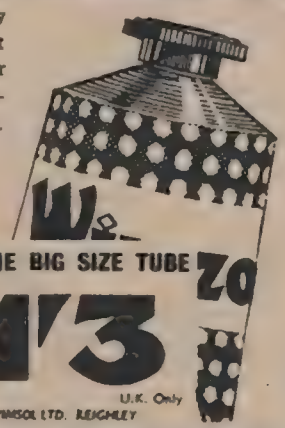

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his glass. Now they were turning, Nightingale paying off before the wind as Castilla approached. All the masts seemed blended together. Ford *must* keep clear and try to shoot away a spar. . . .

A sudden billowing of smoke round the ships; the first broadsides were being fired. It looked as if the ships were already close locked in action—surely it could not be. Now, heavily over the blue water, came the sound of those first broadsides, like the rumbling of thunder. The smoke was blowing clear of the fight, drifting away from the ships in a long bank. More smoke billowing up; the guns had been reloaded and were firing away, and still the masts were close together—had Ford been fool enough to lock yardarms?

Again the long rumble of the guns. The ships were swinging round in the smoke cloud; he could see the masts above it changing their bearing, but he could not distinguish ship from ship.

There was a mast falling, yards, sails and all; it must be Nightingale's main topmast, hideous though the thought was. This seemed like a lifetime, waiting to get into action. Nightingale was lying at an angle to Castilla's side, bows towards her. The wind was still turning the two ships, and it was turning them as if they were one. Nightingale must be locked against Castilla, bowsprit or possibly anchor hooked into Castilla's fore chains. All Castilla's guns could bear, practically raking Nightingale with every broadside, and Nightingale's fire must be almost ineffectual. Could she tear herself loose? There went her foremast, everything, over the side; almost impossible to tear herself loose now.

The men at the guns were yelling at the sight.

"Silence! Mr. Jones, get the courses in."

What was he to do? He ought to cross Castilla's bows or stern and rake her, come about and rake her again. Not so easy to fire into Castilla's bows without hitting Nightingale; not so easy to cross her stern; that would put him to leeward and there would be delay in getting back into action again.

And the two ships were still swinging considerably, not only with the wind but with the recoil of their guns. Supposing that, as he took Atropos to lie a little clear, they swung so that Nightingale intercepted his fire and he had to work back again to windward to get back into action? That would be shameful, and other captains hearing the story would think he had deliberately stayed out of fire. He could lay his ship alongside Castilla on her unoccupied side, but her slender scantlings would bear little of Castilla's ponderous broadside; his ship would be a wreck in a few minutes. And yet Nightingale was already a wreck. He must bring her instant, immediate relief.

Now they were only a mile from the locked ships and running down fast.

"Muster the port side guns' crews," he said. "Every man, gun captains and all. Arm them for boarding. Arm every idler in the ship. But leave the hands at the mizzen braces."

"Aye aye, sir."

"Pikes, pistols and cutlasses, lads," said Hornblower to the eager men thronging round the arms chests. "Mr. Smiley, muster your topmen for'rard by number one gun, starboard side. Stand by for a rush."

Young Smiley was the best fighting man of them all, better than the nervous Jones or the stupid Still or the aged Turner. It was best to give him the command at the other end of the ship. Aft here, he would have things under his own eye. And he realized he was still unarmed himself. His sword—the sword he had worn at the court of his King—was a cheap one. He could guess its temper was unreliable; he had never been able to afford a good sword.

He stepped to the arms chest and took a cutlass for himself, drawing it and dropping the scabbard discarded on the deck. Looping the knot over his wrist, he stood with the naked blade in his hand, the sunlight beating down in his face.

Now they were closing on Castilla; only a cable's length apart and it looked closer. It called for accurate judgment to come close alongside.

"Starboard a point," he said to the helmsman.

"Starboard a point," came the repetition of the order.

Discipline kept the helmsman entirely attentive to his particular duty, even though Castilla's port side gun ports were opening, even though at that close range the gun muzzles were glaring straight at them, and the faces of the gunners could be seen through the ports looking along the guns. Oh God, it was just coming!

"Now, starboard slowly. Bring her gently round."

Like the end of the world that broadside came, ripping and smashing into the ship; there were screams, there were frightful crashes, the sunlight was full of dust particles flung up by the hurtling cannon balls as the splinters whizzed through the air, and then the ship sidled into the powder smoke jutting forth from the gun muzzles. But he must think about only one thing at this moment.

"Now! Hard-a-port. Braces there! Back the mizzen topsl!"

There was a tiny gap between the sides of the two ships, closing by inches. If she struck violently she might rebound and open the gap again; if her forward way was not checked she might scrape forward and swing. In the loftier sides of the Castilla the gun ports were above the level of those of the Atropos. The dish-shaped Atropos had no "tumble-home" to her sides. Her bulwarks would make contact—he had been counting on that.

"Starboard side! Fire!"

The infernal crash of the broadside; the smoke whirling round, the orange-painted side of Castilla torn by the carronade balls; but not a moment to think about it.

"Come on!"

Up over Castilla's side in the eddying smoke pierced by sunbeams; up over the side, cutlass in hand, wild with fighting madness. A distorted face looking up at him. Strike, swinging the heavy blade like an axe. Wrench the blade free, and strike again at this new face. Plunge forward. Gold lace here, a lean brown face gashed by a black moustache, a slender blade lunging at him; beat it aside and strike and strike and strike with every ounce of strength, with all the speed possible to him; beat down the feeble guard and strike again without pity. Trip over something and recover again.

The terrified eyes of the men at the wheel looking round at him before they ran from his fury. A uniformed soldier with white cross belts extending his arms in surrender; a pike appearing from nowhere beside him and plunging into the soldier's unprotected breast. The quarterdeck cleared, but no time to breathe; shout "Come on!" and plunge down on to the maindeck.

Something hit his cutlass blade and sent a numbing shock up his arm—a pistol bullet, most likely. There was a crowd of men massed round the main mast, but before he could reach it a surge of pikes from the side broke

Consider your verdict

In the case on page 30, the judge ruled that Jimmy's father could not sue Alan's father just because Alan threw a stone. A child over seven is held responsible for his own non-contractual legal wrongs of the kind considered in civil courts. When Jimmy's father found that he could sue only Alan, he withdrew his case. Jimmy's father, on the other hand, could himself be sued. He was held responsible for an injury resulting from giving a child control of a dangerous object like the gun, and Alan's father won his case. (*This is the probable decision, based on actual cases.*)

INFORMATION
Smythe

"Now this one. If it takes ten men six days to dig a ninety-seven foot ditch . . ."

it up into fleeing fragments. Now a sudden rally on the part of the enemy, pistols banging, and then suddenly opposition ceased and Hornblower found himself glaring into a pair of wild eyes and realized that it was an English uniform, an English face although unknown to him—a midshipman from Nightingale, leading the boarding party which had stormed into the Castilla along Nightingale's bowsprit.

He could stand there now amid the wreckage and the dead with the madness ebbing out of him, sweat running into his eyes and blinding him; and yet once more he had to clear his mind and brace himself. He had to stop the killing that was still going on, he had to organize the disarming of the prisoners and the herding of them against the ship's side. He had to remember to say a word of thanks to Smiley, covered with blood and smoke, when he met him on the gangway forward. Here was the huge hulk of Eisenbeiss, chest heaving, the bloody cutlass like a toy in his vast hand. The sight roused his wrath.

"What the hell are you doing here, Doctor? Get back on board and attend to the wounded. You've no business to neglect them."

A smile for the prince, and then his attention was demanded by a thin-nosed, long-faced rat of a man.

"Captain Hornblower? My name's Ford."

He was going to shake the proffered hand, but discovered that first he must slip the cutlass lanyard from his wrist and transfer the weapon to his other hand.

"All's well that ends well," said Ford. "You arrived in time, but only just in time, Captain."

It was no use trying to point out to a senior the senior's errors. They shook hands there, standing on the gangway of the captured Castilla, looking round at the three ships clinging together, battered and shattered. Far down to leeward, drifting over the blue sea, the long trail of powder smoke was slowly dissipating under the blue heaven.

The church bells of Palermo were ringing, as always, in the drowsy heat of the morning. The sound of them drifed over the water of the bay, the Conca d'Oro, the golden shell which holds the pearl of Palermo in its embrace. Hornblower could hear them as he brought Atropos in, echoing round from Monte Pellegrino to Zaffarano, and of all musical noises that was the one that annoyed him most. He looked over at the senior ship, impatient for her to start firing her salute to shatter this maddening sound.

If it were not for the church bells this would be almost a happy moment, dramatic enough in all conscience. Nightingale, under her jury rig, the clear water gushing out of her as the pumps barely kept her afloat, Atropos with the raw plugs in the shot holes in her sides, and then Castilla, battered and shot torn, too, and with the white ensign proudly flying over the red and gold of Spain. Surely even the Sicilians must be struck by the drama of this entrance, and for additional pleasure, there was half the Mediterranean Fleet over there, with Collingwood's flag flying. He would understand. His crews at least would gape at the proud procession; they at least would be sensitive to all that the appearance of the newcomers implied; they would know of the din and the fury, the agony of the wounded and the distressing ceremony of the burial of the dead.

Hornblower saw Ford's gig leave the side of Nightingale and pull over to the Ocean; Ford, as senior officer, was making his report to Collingwood. Half an hour later, when he next had a moment to spare, he looked up to see Ford returning.

"Flag to Atropos, sir," reported Horrocks. "'Come on board and report.'"

The captain's gig of the Atropos was a queer sight, for a shot from Castilla had gone through both sides. She had been hurriedly patched, but the carpenter and his mates had been, so far, too busy plugging more important shot holes to do more, and the raw planks looked odd amid the neat light and dark blue paint work. But they were honourable scars. And Hornblower wore a shabby coat, but now he had no other, for that broadside from Castilla had pulverized everything in his cabin. With that as an excuse he did not care; he could mount to the flagship's quarterdeck and return the salute of the flag lieutenant without a thought for his patched elbows and brassy gold lace.

Collingwood received him in his cabin, the soul of courtesy as usual, offering a chair and a glass of wine. He passed to his secretary the written reports that Hornblower handed him.

"You've written dozens of reports, Captain, and I've written hundreds; and I've read thousands, I fear. I

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hope you will agree with me that there remains a certain pleasure in the spoken word." The sunlight through the cabin windows lit his face. "I have, of course, forwarded your reports on Marmorice to Their Lordships, and I fancy the *Gazette* will make much of them. But I cannot waste this opportunity of hearing everything from your own lips."

"Everything, my lord?"

"At least everything that you judge suitable for my modest ears, Captain."

It was hard to resist that easy manner of Collingwood's. Hornblower began haltingly. The sunlight came and went through the cabin windows as the summer clouds in the Sicilian sky passed over the sun; overhead on deck the usual noises of a ship maintained a steady accompaniment as Collingwood listened.

There was no need for elaborate explanations, no need for excessive details; seaman was speaking to seaman, and the manifold implications inherent in every situation were grasped at once without having to be laboured.

"So you left a chest of gold at the bottom of Marmorice Bay?" said Collingwood.

"Yes, my lord."

It was hard to tell what Collingwood was thinking about until he smiled again.

"I think you did very well."

The sun was obscured at that moment, but it might as well have been shining.

"Thank you, my lord."

"Mark you, Their Lordships may think differently."

That seemed to darken the cabin again.

"I fear so, my lord."

"But I hope my covering letter will remind them of the other possibilities and restore a due sense of proportion. The last thing we need is a Turkish war on our hands. . . . I've heard also Ford's report about the action with Castilla, Captain."

"Yes, my lord?"

"You deserve the greatest credit for what you did, Captain, and I shall see that you receive it."

Collingwood had understood the situation, then, whatever Ford might have said in his report.

"The man who boarded the Castilla," went on Collingwood, "need hardly worry about a mere chest of gold in Marmorice Bay. When you reach London. . . ."

"London, my lord?"

"London. When you arrive, I think your reception will be gratifying."

"I'm relieved to hear you say so, my lord."

"There's a frigate fitting out in England at this moment, I believe. Lydia, 36. You'd rather have her than a twenty-two gun salute?"

"Of course . . . I . . ."

"I make no promises, and officially I have nothing to do with appointments of that sort. But that's what I would guess, Captain, after long experience of Admiralty ways."

"I . . . I find it hard to thank you, my lord."

"Then please do not try."

There was a moment of stillness in the cabin; by coincidence all was quiet on the deck overhead, before Collingwood spoke again.

"You will sail with my dispatches tomorrow, Captain."

When Hornblower came out into the dazzling sunshine of the quarterdeck Palermo looked as lovely as ever; more lovely.

Before he went down into his gig he looked across the harbour at Atropos lying at anchor. She bore the honourable scars of recent action in her sides. She had fought well. He had grown fond of the little ship. He would always remember her. But . . . what would it be like to command a frigate?

THE END

"Hornblower And The Atropos" is published in book form by Michael Joseph, price 12s. 6d.

OH, JOHNNY! *by TIM*

THE GALLANT LIAR

Continued from page 14

inside and a grey man in grey clothes came forward to meet him.

The grey man said, "Good day," and waited.

Mr. Montgomery was bitterly conscious of his almost prehistoric coat and hat, the broken shoes he'd bought at a jumble sale, his badly shaven face. Then the bitterness was gone. These things did not matter; he was not here to enter a beauty contest.

"I have a rare book I am interested in selling," he said. "An association item, quite unique."

He unwrapped the book and held it out. In a moment, he thought, it would pass from his hands and he would never touch it again. The last tangible link with the old days would be broken. And it was quite all right, he was truly glad it had turned out this way. A score of times he'd been tempted to sell the book because of a desperate need of money for food and shelter and clothing. He had never succumbed. And that had been right, too—the sale of the book belonged to a nobler occasion. It was enough to make anyone believe in destiny.

"You will note, sir," he said, "that the book is dedicated to one D. G. B. M. I was—am—that person, and this is the copy the poet gave to me."

THE man took the book and glanced at the title page. He cleared his throat and looked at Mr. Montgomery, then away. "What value do you put on this?" he said.

You might as well start high, Mr. Montgomery thought — you could always come down. "I am not an authority, sir," he said. "Once I was something of a collector, but—well, I have been out of touch for a good many years. As for this book——" He hesitated, very briefly. "Shall we say ten pounds, sir?" He was half afraid the dealer would jump at the price, which would mean it was far too low.

The grey man nodded. "I'm sorry," he said, still looking away. "I might as well tell you the truth, so that you won't go wasting your time elsewhere. It's valueless." He handed the book back, holding it in mid-air for the long moment it took Mr. Montgomery to raise his hand to accept it. "Totally. There's no market for such things."

"But——" Mr. Montgomery began, and stopped.

"Sorry," the grey man said again. "But that's the truth. I'd be lucky if I could manage to sell it for five shillings."

Mr. Montgomery squinted and looked the grey man full in the face and knew that he had been told the truth. "Thank you," he said. "Forgive me for having troubled you. As I said, I am not an authority. Good day, sir."

He left the shop, taking pains to close the door quietly but securely behind him.

He took another route back to the home—a considerably longer one that kept him well away from the shop where he had seen the blouse. The cold had gathered and it did no good to clutch the heavy coat tightly about him. Fools were strolling about coatless and hatless—probably they would catch their deaths of cold and it would serve them right. Everything—streets, buildings, shops, people—was drabber and dirtier and uglier than it had ever been. Once, waiting for a traffic light to change, Mr. Montgomery closed his eyes, just to shut out the dreary sights for a moment. But it did not help, he saw them still.

He walked very slowly across the lobby of the home. Just as he reached the stairs the young man stopped him with a bored, "Just a minute."

"Yes?" Mr. Montgomery said.

"You were the one asking about that Fisher girl, weren't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, she's not coming today. Taking it off. It's her birthday or something."

"Oh," Mr. Montgomery said. "Thank you for your kindness."

He went up the stairs to his room, and it was the longest, sorriest *via dolorosa* of his life. For a moment, when the young man had told him Judy would not come today, he had known a sense of relief. But it had passed almost instantly. He would not have to see her, no—but that was the smallest of boons. He had failed in many things in his time and some of the failures had been spectacular, involving in one way or another legions of people and huge interests. But none had been so devastating as this. Nor so final.

MR. MONTGOMERY closed his door and was in the nine-by-nine space where he would spend the remainder of his life and where in all probability he would die. But this was a prospect of small significance—he rarely thought of it, and then briefly and coolly. Today he gave it no notice at all.

He sat down on the bed. He had given ten thousand gifts, and some had been magnificent by material standards. Not one had been so important to him as the inexpensive little blouse.

Mr. Montgomery smiled very slightly. It was the final irony, the closing of the circle. It was unfair that fortune would not grant him this one thing, at the end. After all, he had taken about all the blows that fortune could muster and he had not whimpered. It was bitterly unfair.

Mr. Montgomery heard the knock on the door—light, hesitant—and out of habit said, "Come in."

Her entrance was like her knock—hesitant, almost afraid. It was a moment before Mr. Montgomery could see her clearly—the light must be bad, very bad indeed. He stood up and ran one hand across his eyes.

Then he did see her, and he said, "Judy—why, Judy, what's happened?"

Her blue cloth coat was new, and so was the light summer dress under it, and the high-heeled red shoes and the little straw hat with the bright band. Her hair had been curled and there was make-up on her face. It had been applied rather inexpertly, but obviously with great care.

Mr. Montgomery forced his mind into action. "Judy," he said, "this is splendid. You're beautiful. And don't call me a liar."

He saw her blush and her smile, and he thought that she was almost pretty, at that—prettier, anyhow, than he'd have believed possible. It wasn't the clothes, which were cheap and in dubious taste, or the hairstyle or the make-up. It was—well, he decided ineptly, it was just the way she looked at him. It was just that.

"It's my birthday," she said. "And these are my new clothes. I wanted you to see them. And—and I have a date.' She hurried her words, the blush was furious. "With a boy. And he likes me, too. I—I can tell."

Mr. Montgomery smiled. "It's grand news, my dear," he said. "But it doesn't surprise me. Remember what I told you all along. 'You're a very pretty girl and the world was made for pretty girls."

Then harsh reality wrenched at him. "I had hoped to give you some little thing for your birthday," he said, and to say each word was to lift the weight of the world. "But unfortunately——"

"But you have," she said. "That's why I came."

He took a short step back, wondering if his ears had heard her wrong. "What?" he said. "I don't quite——"

"It was the way you talked to me," she said, and now her voice was positive and very clear, each word distinct. "It was all you said—all the nice things. I knew you were just making them up. Oh, I knew that all right. But just the same, they——" She paused and looked around the room. "Well, just the same, I liked them. I thought about them all the time. Like when I woke up in the night, and it was sort of miserable and sad. I'd think about them, and then——" Again she paused, and shook her head wonderingly. "Then things seemed to be better."

SUDDENLY Mr. Montgomery understood, and there were no questions, no qualifications. "They were true," he said very gently. "They are true. And if I helped you I'm happier than anyone can say."

"If it hadn't been for you I don't think anything nice would have happened to me ever," she said. "That's what I think. And now I've got to go or I'll be late."

"You mustn't be late for your—your date," he said. "Have a wonderful time—you will. A pretty girl on her birthday with a fine young man—how could she help but be happy?" He bowed again, and when he lifted his head he happened to see Meg's book, there on the bed.

"Oh, just a minute," he said. He picked up the book and smiled down at it. "This isn't anything in particular, but I'd just like you to have it. Just an old book of poems. I knew the girl who wrote them. A long time ago."

He held the book out, and now her eyes were brighter than ever—or so, at any rate, it seemed. "I'd love to have it," she said. "I know the poems are wonderful. Only——"

"Take it," Mr. Montgomery said, making his voice as commanding as he could, and she obeyed. "Goodbye."

"I'll read every word of it," she said. "I promise I will. I——"

"Never make foolish promises," Mr. Montgomery said. "Now go. And many happy returns of the day."

He watched her go and heard the door close. For a moment he stood motionless, staring at the door. Then he took off his coat; it had become warm, deliciously so, in the room.

What a fool he was! he thought. How could a man live so long and still be so blind?

But this time of self-criticism was short-lived. Mr. Montgomery drew himself up and smiled. Once more, for a splendid second, he was D. G. B. Montgomery, man of the world, man of affairs. A man who paid his debts and returned the favours done him.

THE END

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£25: C. W. Hadfield, 127 Scotland Green Road, Enfield: A THOUSAND EYES—HUNT KILLER—*Two*, HAUNT.

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OTHER AWARDS: £15: B. Carpenter, 1 New Victoria, Cwm, Ebbw Vale: BE A DAREDEVIL AND—FLY THE COMET, SAM! £10: M. Rugg, 8 Manor Avenue, Lyme Regis: A THOUSAND EYES—WATCHING CLOCK *Germans* MADE? £5: C. Gerrard, 23 Derby Drive, Rainford, St. Helens, Lancs: THE PACE IS KILLING, BUT—WHO'LL TAKE CHURCHILL'S "BATON"? £5: J. Gillard, 7 Eureka Place, Ebbw Vale: MONUMENT TO LOST—OPPORTUNITY—OFFICE STOOL, SOMETIMES! £5: J. Hurst, 50 Mincing Lane, Blackburn: MONUMENT TO MANKIND—KING OF *Apes* UNVEILING? £5: J. H. Shipley, 5 Ravine Avenue, Moston, Manchester: TELEVISION'S LOST—NO TIME, *Wasting* IT! £5: Mrs. A. Walker, 17 New Road, Forfar: RAN INTO TROUBLE—"MARKING" MATTHEWS—FATHER TIME!

(Each winner from £25 to £5 receives also a Christmas Turkey).

For 10 winners of £2 10s. plus Christmas Turkey see *"Bullets" Bulletin*. Winners of 25 Christmas Fowls have been notified and 1,500 "Good Shots" have been posted.

£750 MUST BE WON in "John Bull's" NEW ALL-CASH XWORD

★ **FIRST PRIZE £600**
★ **SECOND PRIZE £100**
★ **THIRD PRIZE £50**

FIRST PRIZE TELEGRAM—WED., DEC. 23

This Way To Win

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one, two, three* or *four* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

CLUES for XWORD No. 862

Across

1. Football manager appreciates good one
3. Strong one can bowl a man over
5. Sole responsibility for one is found onerous by aged couple
7. May have discouraging effect on visitors who would like to call
8. People get reconciled to having this for lunch
13. Some can provide protection to fleet
14. Average townsman would exercise caution should he see one when in the country
15. It's pretty useless for breadwinner to do this if his wife's a spendthrift

Down

1. A man likes to make this before he's too old and infirm to do his job properly
2. In some cases, slating one may well be waste of time
4. In the country, autumn's beauty is marked by
6. Not so effective when thin
9. One may often hear a buzz from busy one
10. Now and then one moves an amazing amount of stuff
11. A dark one is bit of a problem
12. We don't like to think of them as being shut up

WOMAN WINS £600 OUTRIGHT

XWORD 859 RESULT

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Match. 5, Domes. 8, Parts. 9, Pry. 12, Scum. 15, Seeds. 16, Mole. DOWN: 2, Cast. 3, Holly. 4, Let or Pet. 6, Soft. 7, Spurs. 10, Curse. 11, Bit. 13, Say. 14, Wage.

£600 CASH FIRST PRIZE OUTRIGHT WINNER: Mrs. M. Wood, 10 High Street, Newport Pagnell, Bucks.

£100 cash Second Prize shared by 25 entrants: £50 cash Third Prize shared by 194 entrants.

£750 CROSSWORD

In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.) Extra Answers to two Clues = 4 Squares, 1s.; to three Clues = 8 Squares, 2s.; to four Clues = 16 Squares, 4s.

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of Crossword Gazette dated Dec. 19.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 8s. entry-fee. Signature below is agreement to Rules.

1 W	I	N		E	2 R	■	3 R		4 M
A	N	A	■	O	O	Z	E	■	
	■	5 M		N	O	R	■	T	S
■	6 B	E	■			■	7	E	T
8	A	S	H	■	■	9	■	A	■
■		■	A	10 C	■	I	N	C	11 H
12 P	S	■	L	R	■	V	■	H	O
	■	13 P	L	A		E	S	■	
T	E	E	■		■	■	P	A	S
14 S	N	A		E	862	15	A	V	E

Another £750 Xword coupon for this Contest in next week's issue.

I enclose P.O. value.....

No.....

Signed .....

Address.....

.....

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.
No.		4s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

Puzzle and form strictly copyright.

862 Closing Postmark MON., DEC. 14

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are full rate. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of these Contests (*Bullets* in JOHN BULL dated Jan. 2 and Xwords in JOHN BULL dated Jan 16), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, December 19, for early news of *Bullets* No. 1,914 result.)

NOTE.—You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in same envelope covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "Combined," top left-hand corner.

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 1,914 (or Xword 862), "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

EXAMPLE ..... 6d.

BULLET

EX. ..... 6d.

B.

EX. ..... 6d.

B.

EX. .....

B.

EX. .....

B.

EX. .....

B.

EXTRA THREE for 1s.

GIANT XMAS HAMPERS as BONUSES

Containing 10-lb. Turkey, 4-lb. Christmas Pudding, 4-lb. Iced Christmas Cake, Tin of Peaches, Peas, Mushroom Soup, Tin of Assorted Biscuits, Chocolates, Dessert Dates, Apples, Oranges and Nuts, Cheese, Crackers, Virginia Cigarettes, fine old Port and BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE! Presented with each prize of £2 10s. or over if won with *Bullet* which was one of four or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

1,914 CLOSING POSTMARK MONDAY, DEC. 7

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O. Value..... No.....

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

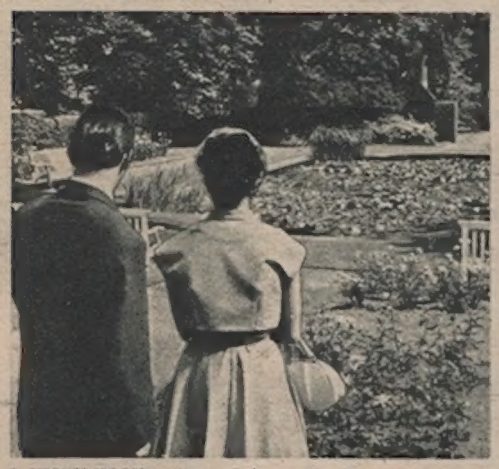
727

GET YOUR BULLETIN
STICK 2½d. STAMP here to secure *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated Dec. 19, containing Christmas Holiday Offer

Printed in Great Britain by Odhams (Watford) Ltd., and Published by Odhams Press Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Registered for transmission to Canada (including Newfoundland). Postage on single copies: Inland and Abroad, 1½d.; Canada, 1d. Agencies for Australia and New Zealand: Gordon & Gotch Ltd. For South Africa: Central News Agency Ltd. CONDITIONS OF SALE: This periodical shall not, without the written consent of the publishers, be lent, resold or hired out except at the full retail price of 4d., or otherwise disposed of in any unauthorized cover, by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

'Look! There are milk and plain chocolates in the new VOGUE'

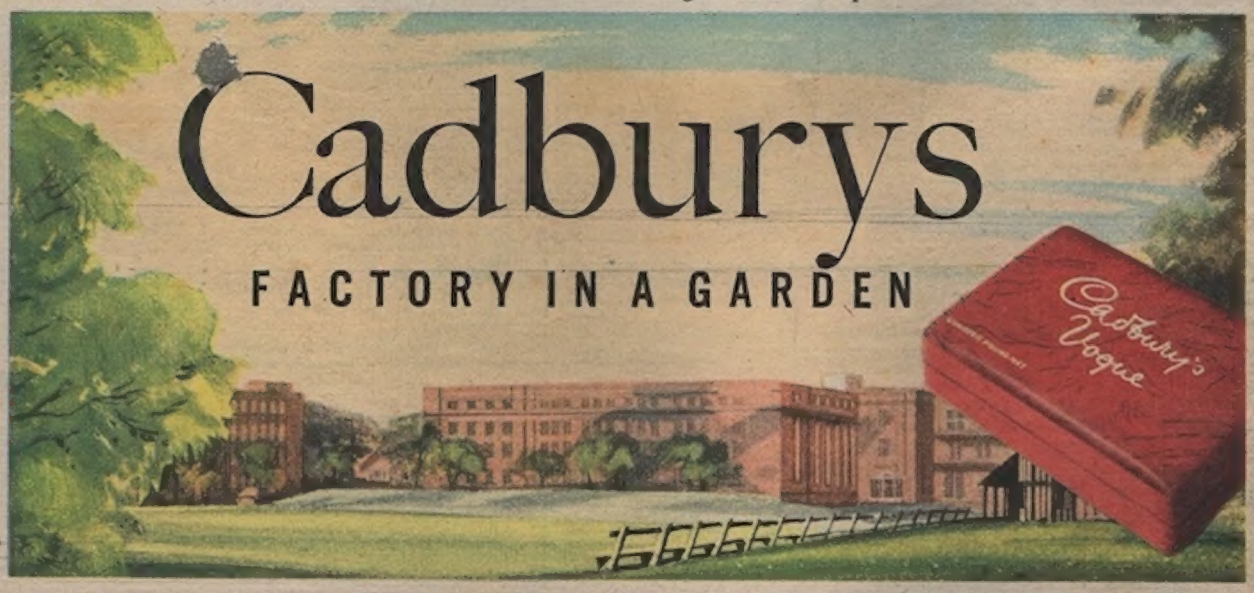
'Seeing how it's done' at Cadbury's Factory in a Garden at Bournville, Jean and Richard found plenty to surprise and fascinate them. But the thing that struck them most forcibly was the 'un-factory-ness' of Bournville—the beautiful gardens, the playing fields, the swimming pool—everything that makes Cadburys such a different kind of factory.



A SHADY NOOK, screened from the factory by trees and shrubs and complete with pond and lilies, is a grand place to rest after lunch.

WITH MILITARY PRECISION cup-shaped cremes march forward pace by pace to receive their share of strawberry.

THESE APPETIZING MOUNDS of whole brazil nuts are destined soon to receive a thick covering of Cadburys rich, full cream milk chocolate.

'HOW'S THAT?' Absolutely first rate, the visitors think, to have all these sports—cricket, tennis, swimming and everything, right on the doorstep.

SELECTED FRENCH CHERRIES, steeped in syrup, now take a tumble into soft white sugar. Another of the many delicious centres that make millions say 'I want Cadburys'.